W B Smith

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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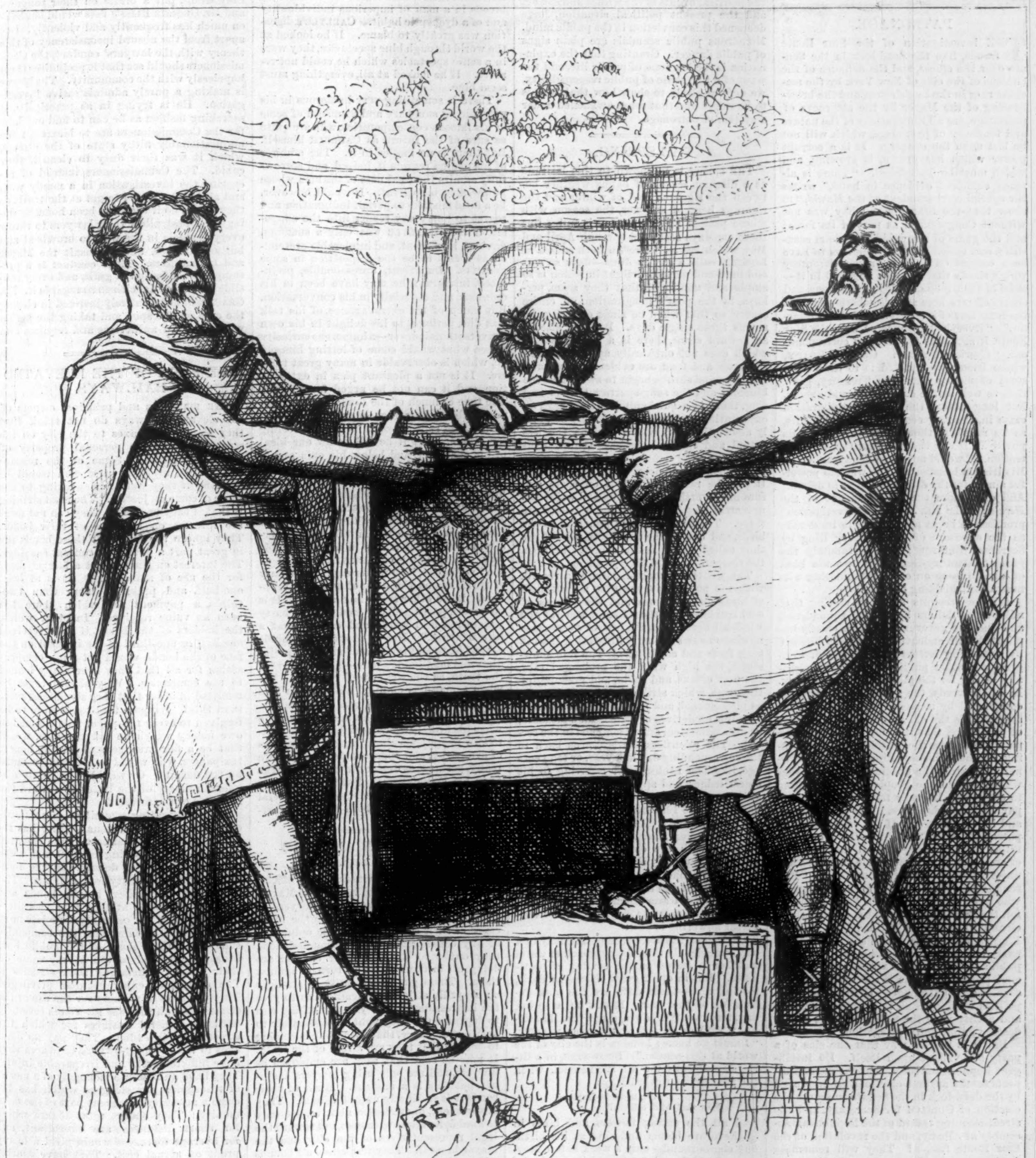


IS THERE TO BE A POWER BEHIND THE THRONE?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 79 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued May 3, opens with a charming May-flower story for girls by* KATE UPSON CLARK, *beautifully illustrated by* JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD. *It also contains a jolly poem entitled "In the Deep Blue Sea," with full-page illustrations by* ROGERS; *"A Wild Ocean Ride," a whaling story, by* GEORGE COOMER, *with a full-page illustration by* TABER; *"Our Baby Again," one of Jimmy Brown's best stories; the concluding chapter of "Phil's Fairies"; announcements of new Serials; a page of "Wiggles"; besides poems, pictures, puzzles, and numerous other attractions.*

PATRONAGE.

THE investigation of the Star Route frauds, like the dead-lock in the Senate over the offices, and the defiance of the citizens of the city of New York by the machine ring in the Legislature, and the browbeating of the Mayor by the attorneys of patronage, are all illustrations of the nature and tendency of patronage, which will not be lost upon the country. It is a corrupt power which has grown, is growing, and which must be diminished. "There is already sufficient evidence in hand," writes the special correspondent of the *Herald*, "to show that the Star Route lobby was not without Congressmen as part of its force; and the game of straw bidding, sham securities, and raised contracts appears to have been carried on with a brazen effrontery which shows that the men engaged in it—some of them men of political influence, and others officers, here and elsewhere—had not the least fear of interference from any quarter." "Everybody connected with the Star Route Ring," says the *Tribune* correspondent, "flourished apace. General BRADY, whose friendship enabled it to draw vast sums of money from the Treasury, grew rich, as well as the contractors and agents. Not long before the new Administration came in, the ring completed arrangements, as its members thought, to perpetuate its power......It was thought that the Administration......would not dare offend BRADY...... His friends boasted that he was too powerful a man for the Administration to offend." And once more the correspondent of the *Herald*: "The result [of the investigation] promises to be as astonishing in its details as the exposure of the Whiskey Ring by Secretary BRISTOW; and fortunately the present Attorney-General is not the kind of man to issue an order intimidating witnesses and shielding rogues."

All the accounts agree in stating that millions of dollars have been squandered, and that the government officer chiefly implicated will endeavor to protect himself by producing letters of members of Congress and other public functionaries virtually asking for the plunder of the Treasury. In other words, the swindle has been accomplished by means of influence, and the argument is the old and insolent argument of patronage, that it is for the good of the party. This was the consideration for winking at the Whiskey Ring. If the Whiskey Ring stole the public money—in other words, robbed the people—it could afford to contribute liberally from its stealings to pay the party expenses. This is the logical and inevitable result of the vast system of patronage, which underlies all the opportunities for contracts, and all the extortion of assessments, and the whole enormous and unscrupulous power of the machine. "Patronage means votes," said an Assemblyman, who showed by his words how deeply he felt that his vote against the Citizens' Street-cleaning Bill needed justification. In plain English, the phrase means simply that any party which has the power ought to use the public money to buy votes. Our experience proves that this is the necessary consequence of patronage. It tends to make politics wholly venal, to exclude character and ability from the public service, and to destroy public spirit altogether.

But it is in this way that the sins of a party are visited upon itself. Do intelligent Republicans think that the party prospects for the autumn elections are improved by the dead-lock in the Senate to secure the election of GORHAM for Secretary, and the street-cleaning record of the Republican Assembly at Albany, and the revelation of the Star Route frauds? They will remember the effect of the COVODE investigation upon the Democratic party in 1860, and of the Whiskey Ring investigation upon the Republican party in 1876. There is to be taken into the account of this year, also, the kind of reaction which often follows a Presidential election, and the absence of any immediate and paramount issue. Parties will be tried at the autumn elections upon their recent merits and conduct, and in New York, where the result is vitally important, the Republican machine at Albany exposes the city of New York to a pestilence, while the same machine at Washington quarrels with the Republican Administration upon a question of patronage. Is this the way to victory? The party division in the State is fiercer than ever—fiercer than under the late Administration. And it is a personal difference. It is all due to patronage. It is substantially a quarrel of the ins and the outs, in which, under a system of patronage, the advantage is heavily with the ins. The solution of the situation lies in a principle, and that principle is the practical extinction of patronage. Happily the conviction that this is fast becoming necessary, if our institutions are to continue to work peacefully, spreads very rapidly. All the political events of the winter and spring, and the present political situation, have deepened this conviction in the public mind. Monstrous public scandals are plain signs of public danger. Granting that the explanation is the low tone of public life, and the want of a just sense of public responsibility, we defy anybody to show how that tone is to be raised and that sense awakened under a system of patronage.

THE SPRING.

THE spring is unknown to this latitude as a distinct season of balmy weather between the rigorous cold of winter and the rigorous heat of summer, the season with whose praises English poetry is full. But there are days scattered through April and May which are as "rare" in both senses as LOWELL calls a day in June—days so soft and pure and perfect, delight in which is so ample and unalloyed, that they seem, perhaps, to the poet's imagination, an entire season, so that when he sings of spring, he means those single days. Perhaps, also, in an inward sense, there is a spring season which does not outwardly appear. When the snow and frost are evidently gone, and the trees and shrubs begin to swell, and the bluebird and the song-sparrow twitter and sing, there is a quickening of the heart, an expectation, a pleasure, which may be partly association, but which is none the less actual and sincere. Besides, the pageant of the spring is not delayed. There is no postponement on account of the weather. It may be necessary to put on coats and furs and overshoes to go out and enjoy the universal blossoming, but the blossoms are there. The flowers are as punctual as the birds, and one of the bewilderments of the time called spring is the contrast between the temperature and the spectacle.

The writers of rural diaries, who record, with the poet GRAY, the first appearances of birds and blossoms, and the degrees of cold and heat, and the rain and drought and wind, all agree that the law of averages is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in such facts and conditions. The late snow-storm, the high wind, the prolonged rain, the first crocus, and robin, and greening of the grass, which strike the casual observer as phenomenal, and upon which he expends valuable expletives of surprise and pleasure, or dissatisfaction, are all matched in the record. The relentless diarist turns back to the corresponding day last year, or ten years ago, like Tim Linkinwater referring to his oldest ledger, and apprises you that it was quite the same then—that the frost disappeared on the 10th instead of the 12th, and the lilacs flowered on the 4th instead of the 2d. Every year, indeed, there is great impatience with the chilly wet weather, in which all the early shrubs hasten out into full beauty, like conscientious maids who will not fail at the tryst. But the unfailing flowers do not warm the air, and often when the continuous warm days come, the universal flowering is past.

Such thoughts are, perhaps, untimely in a city so uncleanly that the approach of warm weather is feared as the coming of pestilence. But in other great cities—in Paris, for instance—these days are the most delightful of the year. It was on a spring day, too, twenty-five years ago, that THACKERAY said, as he sat by the open window, "I must go home; London is the city of the world at this season." BROWNING, in a little song, speaks for all Englishmen when the year draws toward May:

> "Oh, to be in England,
> Now that April's there!"

And all the spring flowers and birds in Shakespeare bloom and sing as his birthday comes round—only a week before May-day. So if there be not much spring in the weather which we call by its name, there is plenty of it in feeling and association; and perhaps the ramblers in the Central Park and on Staten Island, and over such open hills and fields as the great city yet tolerates in its neighborhood, may still find all that the poets have found—

> "Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
> A box where sweets compacted lie."

THE CARLYLE REACTION.

THE publication of CARLYLE'S *Reminiscences* has produced in England a strong reaction of feeling against the author, and a severe condemnation of his literary executor, Mr. FROUDE. The feeling is so positive that the subscriptions for a memorial have stopped, and the expressions of opinion show an injustice which is sure to pass away. There was no man of equal distinction of whom there was so little personal gossip during his long life as CARLYLE. Indeed, very little was known of him beyond his works. The publication of the *Reminiscences* merely shows that he was exceedingly human—a man of limited sympathies and strong prejudices, with the spiritual arrogance and intellectual intolerance which seclusion often breeds in a man of imperious individuality and of a dyspeptic habit. CARLYLE'S digestion was greatly to blame. If he looked at the world through blue spectacles, they were in a sense spectacles which he could not remove. If he looked at all, everything must seem blue.

There is something very humorous in his patronizing summary and dismissal of some of his famous contemporaries, who are quite as sure of the future as CARLYLE himself. But there is no malice in it. The admirer of his genius regrets it, indeed, and sorrowfully admits the weakness of the man whose power, also, is so great. It would, however, be a fatal mistake to permit indignation and regret to hurry any reader into the supposition that CARLYLE was only a snarling, envious, intolerant, and intolerable pretender, as seems to be the disposition in some quarters. Impatient, unreasonable, prejudiced, intolerant, he may have been in his opinions, and especially in his conversation. But much of the extravagance of his talk was due, perhaps, to his delight in his own conversational power—a humorous curiosity to see what would come of letting himself go, which is observable in many great talkers. It is not a pleasant plea in extenuation, and it can not be urged for writing. The tone of much of the *Reminiscences* is unmistakable. It is that of arrogance, intolerance, and selfishness in its want of feeling for others. But if he fell below our ideal of his character, and below his own standards and exhortations for others, it is not necessary to fly to the extreme of supposing him to be a charlatan.

Among the innumerable articles which the *Reminiscences* have elicited there is one in the *Contemporary Review* which tells some generally unconsidered truths in a very forcible way. In speaking of CARLYLE'S gospel of the "veracities," the writer says: "The duty of truth means the duty of avoiding falsehood; in no other sense is it a duty. It is poor work putting all our crude, rough, hasty judgments into words, and calling that a love of truth." Merely to *speak* our minds—that is, to empty them of all their prejudices and false impressions—is not to further the truth, as the writer well remarks. Yet when a man has emptied his mind in this way upon paper for his own gratification, and without thought, the mischief is done when his literary executor publishes it. CARLYLE'S mental peculiarities, his limitations of sympathy, and apparent perversities, are really, perhaps, as evident in his other works as in his *Reminiscences*. But applied to the society in which he lived, and to his social companions, they seem both new and startling.

MAYOR GRACE AND THE LAWYERS.

THE Police Commissioners, whose official conduct is being inquired into by the Mayor, would do well to instruct their lawyers to show a little more confidence in the innocence of their clients. If public opinion is of any consequence to the Commissioners, they ought to see that their counsel are doing all in their power to turn it against them. These gentlemen insist so strongly on absurdly strict technicalities as to give the impression that they have nothing else to depend on. They fight so obstinately to keep out evidence, that the public is coming to believe that they are afraid of the truth. It may be said that they are employed as lawyers, and are only using lawyers' methods, but this is a mistake. Much of their conduct is distinctly unprofessional. They are insolent, quarrelsome, abusive, not only toward defenseless witnesses, but toward the legal representatives of the city, and the Mayor himself. They transgress all bounds of legal license in these regards, and no one knows it better than they. In one day's proceedings an attendant on the investigation might have heard the counsel of the Commissioners call the Mayor's legal advisers "demagogues" and "mob counsel"; he might have heard them charge that the investigation was being used "to grind out slanders against the Commissioners," and that the Mayor had been concealing and trying to keep from them important facts in the proceedings; he might have heard charges of "truckling to the vulgar outcry" of the press, and have heard a witness, against whose character no word of evidence had been brought, denounced as a "foul rascal," and as guilty of "perjury." These are not the methods or the manners of respectable lawyers. They would not be indulged in before any court in the State; if they were, the lawyers guilty of them would be promptly brought to book for contempt of court, and would be lucky if they were not thrown over the bar.

It is the theory of the Commissioners' lawyers that Mayor GRACE is sitting as a judge, and that his investigation should be limited by the narrowest rules of evidence. If they really regarded his Honor as a judge, they would put a bridle on their tongues, and Mr. GEORGE BLISS'S fists would be shaken much less frequently and violently. But apart from the absurd inconsistency of this theory with the lawyers' conduct, the Commissioners should see that it prejudices them hopelessly with the community. The Mayor is making a purely administrative investigation. He is trying in as practical and searching fashion as he can to find out how far the Commissioners are to blame for the unquestionably filthy state of the streets, which it was their duty to clean if they could. The Commissioners, instead of accepting the investigation in a manly way, and aiding the Mayor to get at the truth, as they would do if they had been honestly doing their best, allow their lawyers to throw every obstacle in the way, to browbeat and bully witnesses, and to insult the Mayor and his advisers. Their conduct is a presumptive confession of guilt, and every sensible and impartial citizen so regards it. Mr. GRACE would be entirely justified in closing the case on the spot, and taking the action which the law authorizes and requires him to take.

THE PLEA OF THE ELEVATED RAILWAYS.

THE managers and principal owners of the elevated railways do not think that they should pay taxes to the city on the structures and the personal property of their corporations. Some of the reasons which they urge for exemption would be amusing if they were not shocking to the sense of common justice. The most striking is that if they pay taxes, they can not meet the interest on the face of their bonds. They ignore the fact that these bonds are in great part a device to conceal earnings. The interest on them is not a fair payment for the use of money had. It is at least one-half, and probably more than two-thirds, a payment for which there has been no value received. In other words, the holders of the bonds, if they received one-half or one-third of the interest on the face of the bonds, would get a fair compensation for all that they ever really loaned to the companies. Why should taxes be remitted in order that they should get more than this? Suppose that taxes were to be forgiven to every tax-payer who claimed to owe money which he did not owe, would that be a fair arrangement for the honest tax-payers, who would be obliged to make up the deficit? Or would it be thinly disguised robbery of the latter to reward the rascality of the former?

An investigating committee of acknowledged fairness and unusual ability has reported that the actual cost of the elevated roads up to the spring of 1879 was some eighteen millions of dollars, and the fictitious cost some twenty-four millions. The proportion of "water" in the bonds and stock of the roads at that time was fifty-seven per cent. It certainly is no less now. The authorities claim that the companies should pay their share of the public burdens, proportioned to the actual value of their property, including their structures. The companies enjoy peculiar privileges. They pay next to nothing for the use of the streets, though that use interferes seriously with the general business for which the streets were intended. They pay no damages to the property-owners, on whom they have inflicted great and irreparable injury. They have an absolute monopoly of a means of transporting passengers which has become a necessity to a great part of the community. They charge rates of fare which for short distances are exorbitant, and for average distances would yield a heavy profit on actual cost. They have sources of revenue that are necessarily constantly tending to increase, and have actually increased already to a very large extent, as is shown by the companies' statement that they need new terminal facilities and more cars and engines. Every one of these facts is a strong reason why they should pay more, and not less, taxation, in proportion to the value of their property, than other property-owners.

If the companies had built their roads carefully and honestly; if their stock and bonds represented capital actually contributed and expended; if they served the public cheaply and well, and were losing money—they might ask charity of the public in the form of abated taxation, though no private citizen could escape taxation on such a plea. But in fact the contrary of all this is true, and in addition the stock and bonds of the companies have been made the basis of the most dishonorable and scandalous speculation on the Stock Exchange. They have been "bulled" and "beared" by false reports, and corporate action taken in bad faith for that purpose. The record of the companies is stained by some of the most disgraceful trickery upon the public known even to these days of desperate chicane in finance. Their claim to escape taxation which every honest citizen is obliged to face, from the merchant to the day-laborer, is not only untenable, it is impudent.

THE VETO AND THE MUTUAL AID SOCIETIES.

The mutual benefit associations, which include some 400,000 citizens of this State, mostly voters, belonging to every branch of business and industry, and which are managed not for money-making, but solely for the relief of the families of members, have been naturally aggrieved by the attempts to subject them to the law binding upon insurance companies which are established solely for profit. The law requires from every such company a preliminary deposit of $100,000 as a pledge of good faith. But such a requirement would at once destroy the benefit associations, which are purely fraternal and charitable societies.

The attempt in the Legislature last year to subject them to this requirement failed, and a bill introduced this year for the same purpose was defeated with the consent of the introducer. But a subsequent bill, expressly exempting such societies—a bill which seemed to be carefully drawn—although passed by the Legislature, was vetoed by the Governor. A large public meeting was immediately held at the Cooper Union to protest against the veto, which it did in some strenuous resolutions, hoping that the veto would be overruled by the Legislature.

Governor Cornell is represented to have been annoyed by the action of the meeting, and to have said that there was great misapprehension of his veto. He is reported, indeed, to have expressed sympathy with the objects of the mutual aid societies, and to have said that his veto was intended to strike at speculative organizations outside of the State. If this be the actual situation, the matter can be arranged. But if the Insurance Department, in the interests of the ordinary life-insurance companies, promotes the opposition, a remedy will not be so easy. The wrong of the requirement, however, is so obvious that no argument should be needed to prevent it, and as there is no reason to doubt the Governor's reported good feeling toward the societies, it would be most unfortunate if an understanding upon the subject should not be reached.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

The death of James T. Fields is the loss of a delightful companion and friend to a very large circle, by whom his hearty sympathy and charming humor will be always most kindly remembered. His interest in literature and literary men has intimately associated his name as a publisher and lecturer with most of the distinguished American authors of his time, while the range of his purely literary friendships at home and abroad was probably greater than that of any other American. His remarkable talent as a *raconteur* made his conversation and his lectures upon his literary friends very charming, and they, in turn, cherished for him the sincerest friendship.

This strong literary instinct and wide acquaintance, with a graceful and delicate æsthetic taste, made his home singularly interesting and beautiful. It was full of literary treasures of many kinds: rare and exquisite books, precious autographs, letters, and manuscripts, portraits, engravings, with a thousand valuable and exquisite objects—all lending that grateful air of refinement to the whole house which is beyond the reach of any decorative art except the taste and the instinct of the master. How much in this instance was due to the similar tastes, blended with his own, of the mistress of that household need not here be said. The hospitality of the house was boundless, and in harmony with its character. There have been no more delightful feasts of more delightful and famous people in any house in this country than were constantly known in the snug little dining-room, with its ample view over the water, at the house on Charles Street.

Ample justice has been done in the newspapers to Mr. Fields's sagacity and success as a publisher and editor, and his popularity as a lecturer. His quick perception of excellence in a young and unknown writer was very striking, and his encouraging approval was expressed with a heartiness which was very gratifying. He was, perhops, the first to recognize the unique genius of Bret Harte, and we remember well the crumpled newspaper in which the "Luck of Roaring Camp" was reprinted which he ardently pressed upon us, praising the story as one of the most original and remarkable in our literature. His own contributions to literature were marked by his characteristic sprightliness and sympathy. The most important of them were his *Yesterdays with Authors*, which is a collection of interesting details of famous contemporaries from personal acquaintance, and his selections from English poetry, a work in which he was associated with his life-long friend E. P. Whipple. But we owe to him, among many literary obligations, three which are especially notable—the *Scarlet Letter*, the collected works of De Quincey, and the second visit of Dickens. Literary Boston will not be quite the same now that Fields is gone, and his memory will be tenderly cherished by those whose regard is fame.

A LETTER OF CARLYLE'S.

We speak elsewhere of the reaction of feeling about Carlyle. But in illustration of the essential tenderness of his nature, the dewy harebell that nestled amid the rough rocks of that stern Scottish crag, we print—and it is the first time that it has been printed—the letter that Carlyle wrote to an American lady acknowledging the gift of the *Harvard Memorial Biographies*, which Mr. Froude says that Carlyle confessed had somewhat opened his eyes to the true character of our struggle. The note—for it is no more—is written with a blue pencil in a dim, tremulous hand, with some abbreviations.

"Chelsea 10 *March* 1870.

"Dear Madam,—I received your gentle, kind and beautiful message, and in obedience to so touching a command, soft to me as sunlight or moonlight, but imperative as few c^d be, I read those *lives* you marked for me, with several of the others, and intend to read the whole before I finish. Many thanks to you for those volumes and that note.

"It w^d need a heart much harder than mine not to recognize the high and noble spirit that dwelt in those young men; their heroic readiness, complete devotedness; their patience, diligence, shining valor and virtue in the cause they saw to be the highest; while, alas! any difference I may feel on that latter point only deepens to me the sorrowful and noble tragedy each of their brief lives is.

"You may believe me, Madam, I w^d strew flowers on their graves along with you, and piously bid them, rest in Hope! It is not doubtful to me that they also have added their mite to what *is* the eternal cause of God and man: or that, in circuitous but sure ways, all men, Black and White, *will* infallibly get their profit of the same.

"With many thanks and regards, dear Madam,
I remain Y^rs sincerely,
"T. Carlyle."

THE FARRAGUT STATUE.

The services of the navy in the civil war are now receiving a just commemoration in the statues of Farragut, one of which has just been erected with imposing ceremony in Washington, while another will be soon placed in Madison Square in New York. There were able and patriotic naval officers during the war, and the old renown and romance of the American navy were well maintained. But Farragut was distinctively the naval hero. He takes his place in the popular imagination with Perry and Lawrence and Decatur, of the "last war," as it used to be called.

Mr. Maynard told the story of his career graphically and well; but we do not understand why Mr. Voorhees, of all men, should have been selected as associate orator, although his remarks were becoming and excellent. President Garfield's little speech was very happy, and the occasion was apparently altogether satisfactory.

In the course of his address Mr. Maynard paid a warm tribute to the officers of the navy, who in every part of the world maintain so honorably and efficiently the good name of their country. They are all justly proud of "the service" to which they belong, and their pride stimulates them to energy and efficiency. Farragut made his own way. He asked only a clear field and no favor. That is the American principle, and it is in obedience to it that so many of the most distinguished Americans have been truly self-made. The more widely the principle is applied, the more honorable and efficient will be every branch of the public service.

THE POE FESTIVAL.

The Poe festival was much more successful than at one time it promised to be. A committee of gentlemen, whose character was the credential of good faith, came forward at the last moment, and saved the enterprise. It was not their fault, of course, that Shakespeare's birthday was selected as the occasion of stimulating subscriptions to a memorial of Poe. The association of names is not fortunate, for Poe's genius and position in literature by no means justify such a distinction, and there is a sense of fitness and proportion in literary commemoration which should be constantly remembered if we are to avoid awkward situations.

Thus in the Central Park, to which Europe has contributed memorials of Shakespeare, Goethe, Scott, and Burns, America has given one of Halleck. If the Park is to become a gallery of statues of great men in every department and in every country—and no decoration of a public park could be more proper—it is essential to observe some standard of greatness. The Commissioners of the Park need not accept a work merely because it is offered, for a gallery of statues of "the worthies" of the world is not a museum of curiosities nor a Tussaud collection.

Mr. Sullivan spoke happily of a Poets' Corner in the Metropolitan Art Museum, in which a memorial of Poe might well be placed, and to which our older and younger singers might look forward for similar remembrance. But statues in the Park or elsewhere, so far as intelligent taste can direct, should be confined to the really great and to truly eminent citizens. A statue of Washington is proposed for Wall Street. Now a statue of Washington anywhere in America should be gratefully welcomed. But while there is already a statue of Washington in Union Square, it is impossible to forget that one of Washington's fellow-patriots, a native of the city, the first Chief Justice of the United States, John Jay, is yet without a statue.

A SUFFERING SUBURB.

However firmly the Legislature may resolve that the streets of the city of New York shall breed disease, the Governor is equally resolved that the air of the city shall be pure. He promptly followed the report of the sub-committee of the State Board of Health, upon the stenches from Newtown Creek and their consequences, by a proclamation warning all concerned to abate the nuisance by the 1st of June, or the law would take its course. This is vigorous and admirable action, and if followed up, as it doubtless will be, to its results, a very great public service will have been rendered by the Board of Health.

It is unfortunate, however, that there is a part of the neighborhood of the city which the Governor's energetic action can not relieve, because the mischief is beyond his control. The various smell-breeding factories upon Constable's Hook, in New Jersey, directly opposite the North Shore of Staten Island, fill the air that blows over and cover the water that flows around that charming suburb with the vilest stuffs and stenches. The chief sinner, as usual wherever it plants itself, is the Standard Oil Company, and the community which it oppresses and sickens has been watching with intense interest the result of the crusade against the Newtown nuisance.

The sub-committee of the State Board allude, in their report, to this plague of Staten Island, and ask the Governor to open the matter to the Governor of New Jersey. It is certainly desirable to ascertain whether communities have any rights which great companies and corporations are bound to respect, and can be compelled to respect. If they are to ruin at their pleasure the desirability of the entire neighborhood of New York, as well as of the city itself, as a place of residence, the hostility to them, which is already wide-spread and powerful, will become irresistible. Governor Cornell has acted in this matter with the utmost promptitude and energy.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S APPREHENSIONS.

The English papers state that when the Queen travels now the same kind of precautions are taken as for the safety of the Czar. Upon her Majesty's recent trip by rail from Windsor to Osborne there was not only the usual pilot engine, but the entire line of the railway was watched by guards provided with flags and fog-signals, so that an alarm could have been instantly sent in every direction. Some mystery observed as to the yacht which was to convey her from Portsmouth seemed to indicate the same apprehension.

It is not known whether this extraordinary precaution is due to some knowledge on the part of the government of some projected attack, or to the Queen's own apprehension, since the murder of the Czar, that all crowned heads are in constant peril. Viewed in any way, such an alternative of opinion is exceedingly disagreeable. No doubt a certain danger attends every very conspicuous person, because disordered wits are apt to make such persons the subjects of hallucination, as is shown by the attempts formerly made to shoot the Queen.

But there is no reason to apprehend anything more serious now. The Nihilists have not as yet undertaken the general massacre of royalty, and the Irish, however suffering and discontented, are not assassins.

It is the evident opinion in England that the danger is a menace from the Continent, or that it is wholly imaginary. But there is equally evident reluctance to believe that the Queen, who has been always so courageous under such circumstances, is now apparently alarmed.

PERSONAL.

Mr. W. L. Alden, whose "Moral Pirates" was an immense favorite with juvenile readers, is to have a new serial story in Harper's Young People. It is entitled "The Cruise of the 'Ghost,'" and the first chapter will appear in No. 80 of Young People, to be issued the 10th of May. It is the story of the cruise of four boys in a small yacht along the south shore of Long Island. During a dense fog they drift out to sea, where they discover and take possession of a water-logged brig. In the course of their cruise they meet with a number of adventures, and the story is thoroughly interesting and instructive. The story will be profusely illustrated from drawings by W. A. Rogers and J. O. Davidson. The same number of Young People will also contain the first chapter of a new story by Kate R. McDowell, entitled "Susie Kingman's Decision." It is a bright and sparkling May story, and is illustrated by Mrs. Jessie Curtis Shepherd.

—Lord Beaconsfield willed Hughenden Manor and all his other property to his nephew, Coningsby Ralph Disraeli. The estate is strictly entailed in the male line, with reversion to the female heirs, provided all the successors of the latter take the name of Disraeli, not in conjunction with, but instead of, their own surname. All his letters, papers, manuscripts, etc., are left in the custody of Lord Rowton, with full discretion regarding their publication, except private correspondence, the use of which is to be governed by the wishes of the parties interested. There is a special direction that no part of his correspondence with the Queen should be published without her consent or that of her successors. The monument to be erected in Westminster Abbey is to cost about twenty-five thousand dollars.

—Professor John H. Hewitt has resigned his chair in Lake Forest University, Illinois, and accepted the Lawrence Professorship of the Greek Language and Literature in Dartmouth College.

—Dr. W. J. Holt, an eminent physician of Montgomery, Alabama, who died recently, was one of the young Americans who, after completing study in Paris, entered the service of the Russian government in the medical department during the Crimean war.

—Prince Souvaroff, the Czar's special envoy to President Grévy, is now in Paris, where he will be the guest of Prince Orloff during his stay. The representative of the Czar is a man of eighty-one, of lofty stature, bearing high his white head, and walking with "stately step and slow." In 1848 he was Governor of the Baltic Provinces, and his administration was eminently successful. Souvaroff has successively served Alexander I., Nicholas, Alexander II., and Alexander III., but though so faithful a courtier, the old man has a very great frankness of speech. Apropos of this, there is an anecdote. When Mouravieff had conquered the Poles with terrible bloodshed, there was a certain Countess Bludoff who proposed to present to the terrible pacificator, by means of subscription, some handsome work of art. "If you propose to offer him a golden knife," said Souvaroff, "I subscribe with pleasure; for an executioner must prefer a knife to everything else."

—The *Japan Weekly Mail* announces that an imperial order has been communicated by the Household Department to the Home Office, directing that for the future, except on state occasions, the Emperor's body-guard shall be dispensed with, and that at all other times his Majesty, when leaving the palace, shall be accompanied by four or five officers and two or three soldiers of the household troops.

—François Bonvoisin, a French Freemason, according to the *France du Nord*, made a singular attempt at suicide lately. He procured an earthen jar, filled it with powder, and arranged a fuse. Then he seated himself upon the jar, lighted the fuse, and awaited his scattering to the four winds of heaven. The explosion took place, but he was not blown to fragments. He was simply bounced, and after the extraction of a few pieces of earthenware by the doctors, he was placed again in good standing among the fraternity.

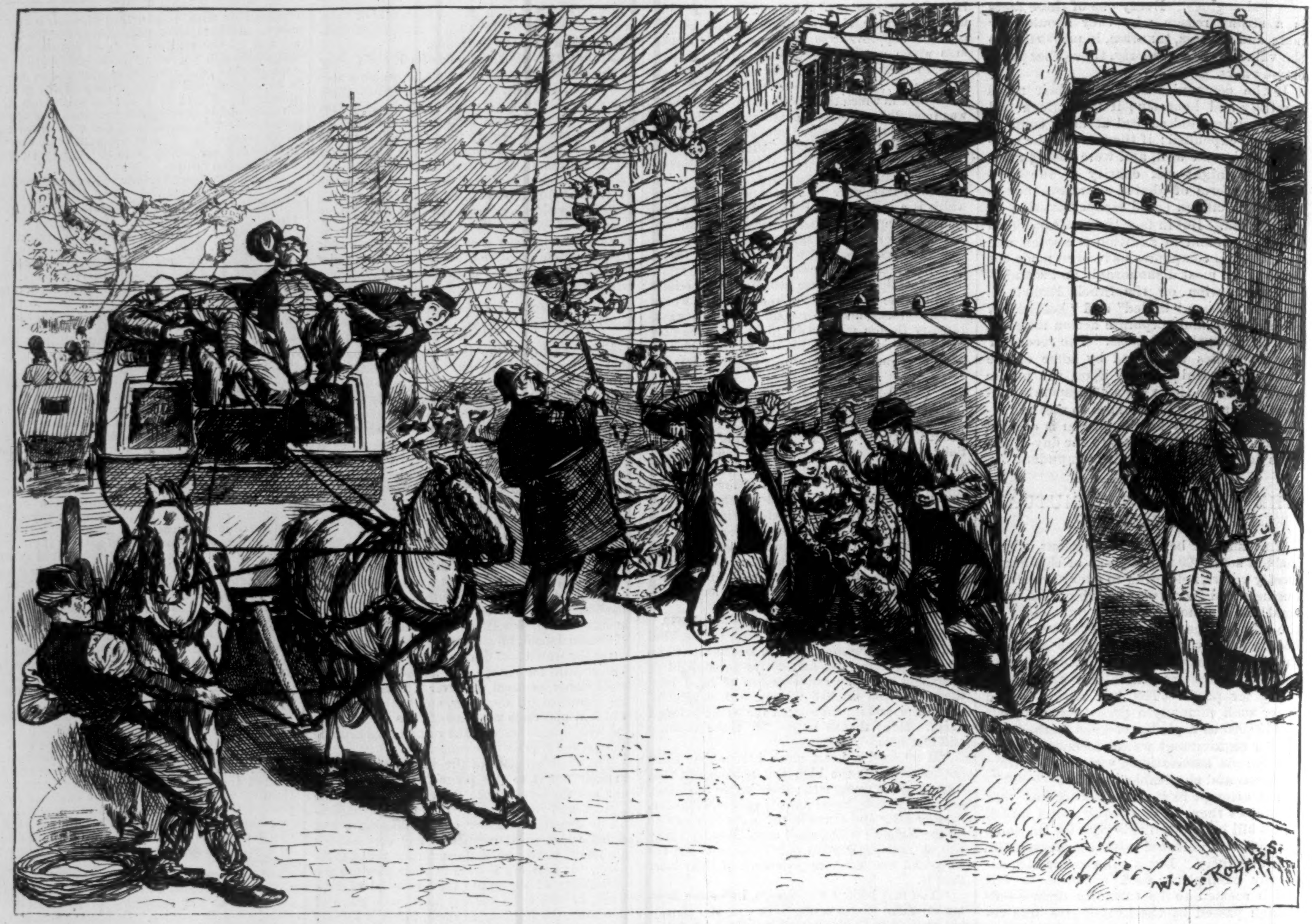
—Mrs. Louisa G. Allan, widow of John Allan, the gentleman who adopted Edgar Allan Poe, died at her residence in Richmond, Virginia, a few days since. Before the war, she was a lady of large wealth. All her children—three sons, graduates of the University of Virginia—were in the Confederate service. One was killed in battle, another died of his wounds, and the last from sickness contracted in the army. The Rev. Dr. Minnigerode, rector of the church of which Mrs. Allan was a member, read the burial service, and the Rev. Dr. Clover, of New Jersey, her former pastor, closed the services with a few remarks. The body was buried in the old family plot, beside that of her husband, in Shocko Hill Cemetery.

—Ever since the assassination of the Czar the Empress has been suffering from severe hysteric attacks. She was threatened with a death of the most horrible description should Sophie Pieoffsky and Hessy Helfmann, the two women implicated in the assassination, be executed. She made the most strenuous exertions to obtain their pardon, and received a promise to that effect. She did not discover the deceptive character of this promise until after the execution of Pieoffsky, and the discovery threw her into a violent paroxysm.

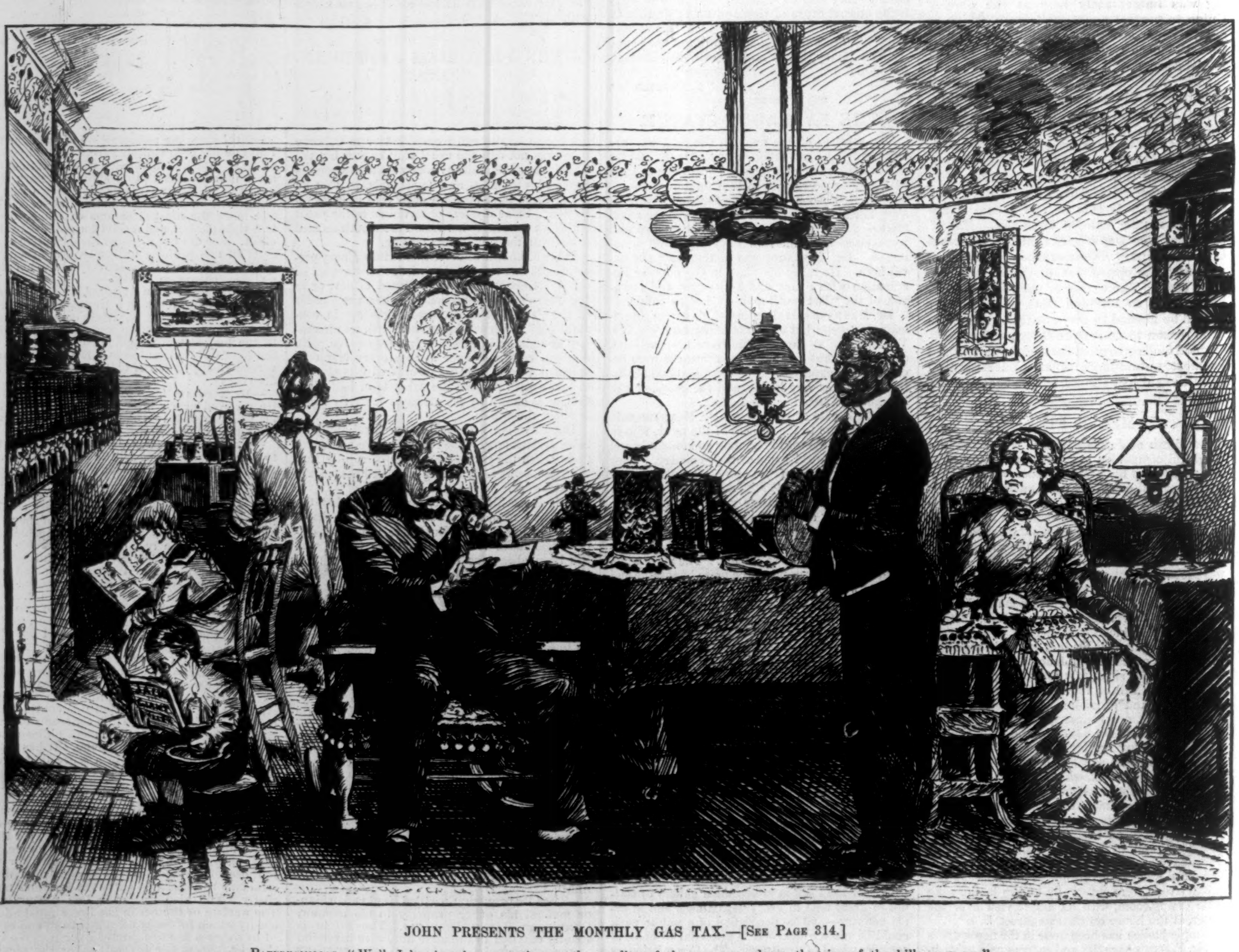
—So the late Sultan Abdul-Aziz did not sever his thread of life with a tiny pair of scissors, after all, but departed this life in orthodox Turkish fashion, by suffocation, and he must be added to the long list of monarchs who have died at the hands of their subjects. Royalty is a proverbially happy state of existence, but it has its drawbacks.

—Mr. Millais talks of going to Australia. He received nearly fifteen thousand dollars for his painting called "Cinderella" from the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell, our Minister to England, made a neat little speech at the annual dinner of the Institution of Civil Engineers, in London, recently. "Though I am wanting in sympathy for some of the achievements of modern science," he said, "yet I must confess that you are the makers and masters of the modern world so far as it is visible, palpable, and serviceable to the rest of us. The noble lord who answered for her Majesty's Ministers alluded to the power of the telegraph, and in a perfectly true sense you have succeeded to a mission which has something sacred in it. You have realized the dream of the poet of two centuries ago in annihilating time and space, so that when I send a message to America, I do what was formerly thought to be impossible. I think there is no achievement of modern times which so touches the imagination as that narrow bridge for thought which engineering skill has enabled us to carry through the profound and silent stretches of the Atlantic from this continent to the other. The modern engineer seems to have realized the dream of the ancient philosopher, that the earth is a sentient being. It has made mankind contemporaries in a sense they never were before. That horrible event which happened the other day at St. Petersburg was felt all over the world in a single thrill, all through the triumphs of modern engineering; and though the skill and ingenuity of the engineer are devoted sometimes to the service of war, yet they may tend really to the furtherance of peace, because as you make war more effective for the purpose of destruction, you render men more reluctant to enter upon it, as it becomes more costly. You also render it less picturesque. The warfare of the ocean has lost almost all the beauty which formerly belonged to it, and seemed to throw a kind of poetry over it. We owe that, I think, to the inventions, or the application of inventions, by the genius of engineers."

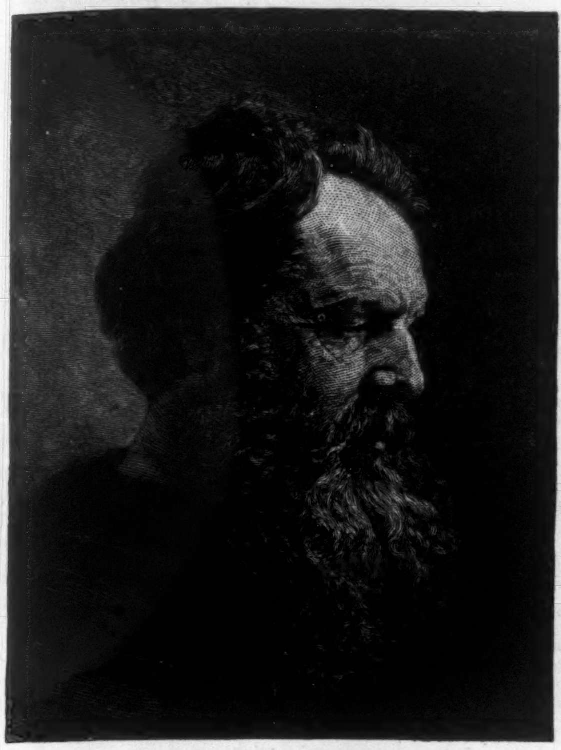


IN THE TOILS OF THE TELEGRAPH—TO THIS COMPLEXION WE MAY COME AT LAST.—[SEE PAGE 314.]



JOHN PRESENTS THE MONTHLY GAS TAX.—[SEE PAGE 314.]

PATERFAMILIAS. "Well, John, just in proportion as the quality of the gas goes down, the size of the bills goes up."



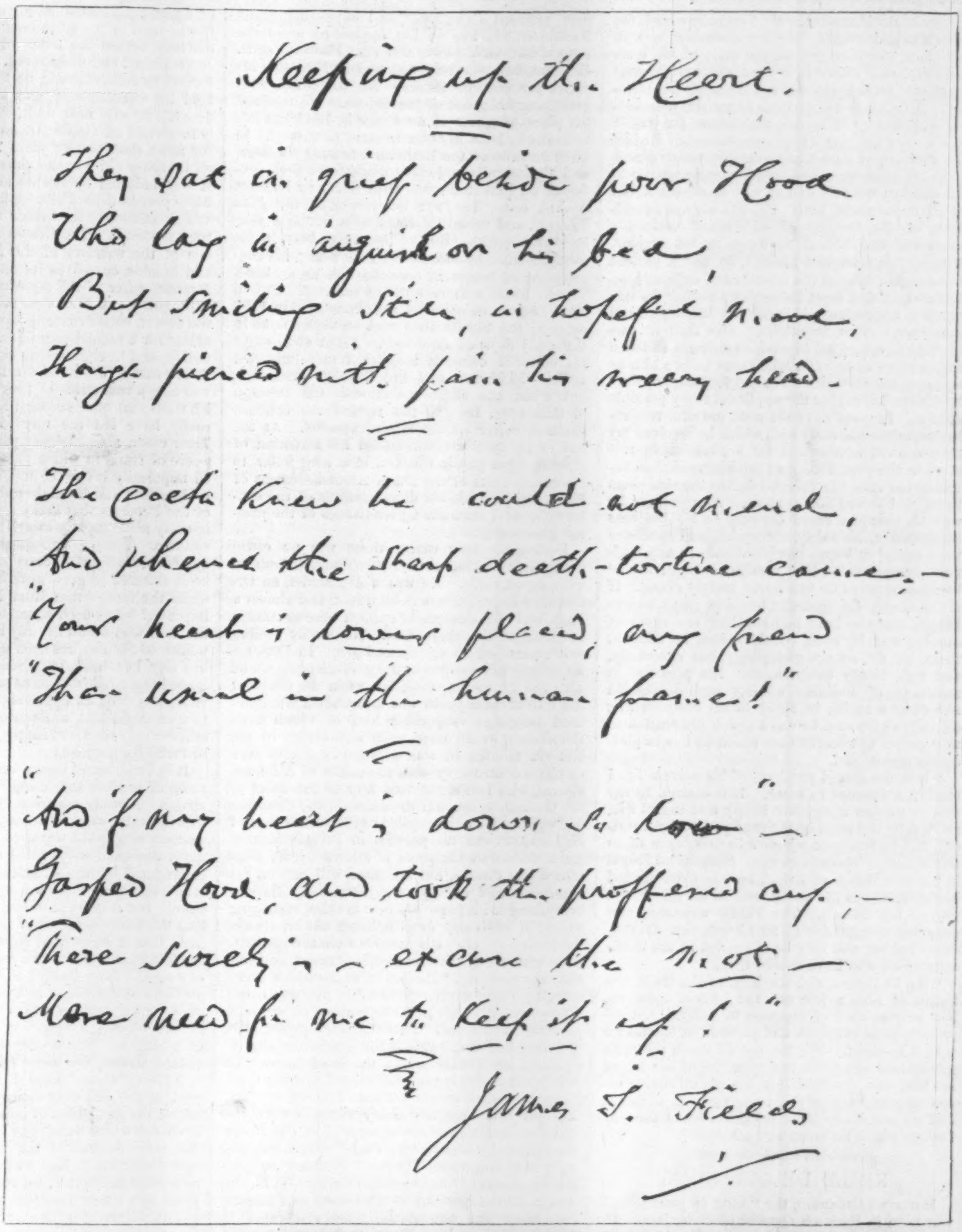
THE LATE JAMES T. FIELDS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALLEN & ROWELL.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

AMONG the latest poems written by Mr. **JAMES T. FIELDS**, shortly before his sudden death, were the pathetic verses printed in fac-simile from his manuscript on this page. Although conscious that his disease—an affection of the heart—was incurable, and that he was liable to die at any moment, Mr. **FIELDS** never lost his interest in, and continued, his literary labors up to the last day of his life. On the Friday before his death he wrote a poem, called "Rover's Petition," for *Harper's Young People*, and it will be printed in that paper on the 10th of May.

At a meeting of publishers held in Boston to take action in regard to the death of Mr. **FIELDS**, Mr. **JAMES R. OSGOOD**, who offered the resolutions, paid so just and feeling a tribute to his worth and his career as a publisher and author that we take pleasure in laying it before our readers. Mr. **OSGOOD** said:

"In offering these resolutions, Mr. Chairman, I wish to add a few words of my own. Others are present whose acquaintance with Mr. **FIELDS** began much earlier than mine, but few, perhaps, knew him as intimately. In sixteen years of business association with him I had ample opportunity to know him under all aspects and in all relations. I early learned to appreciate and admire those qualities which gave him such marked success as a publisher—the quick literary instinct, the intuitive knowledge of the good and bad in a book, the ready apprehension of the popular taste, and the constant effort to lead that taste in a higher direction. But I will not dwell on these qualities. They are known to all men. They are matter of record. The resolutions which I have read rehearse them in better phrase than is at my command. In the few words I say, I prefer to pay a more modest but not less hearty



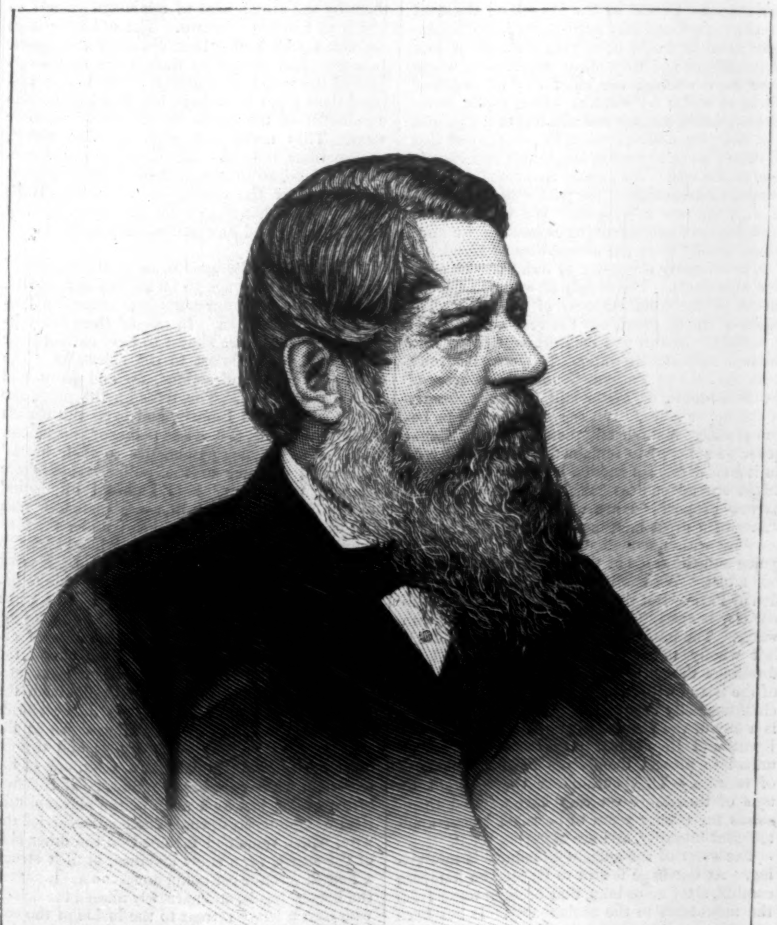
Keeping up the Heart.

They sat in grief beside poor Hood
Who lay in anguish on his bed,
But smiling still, in hopeful mood,
Though pierced with pain his weary head.

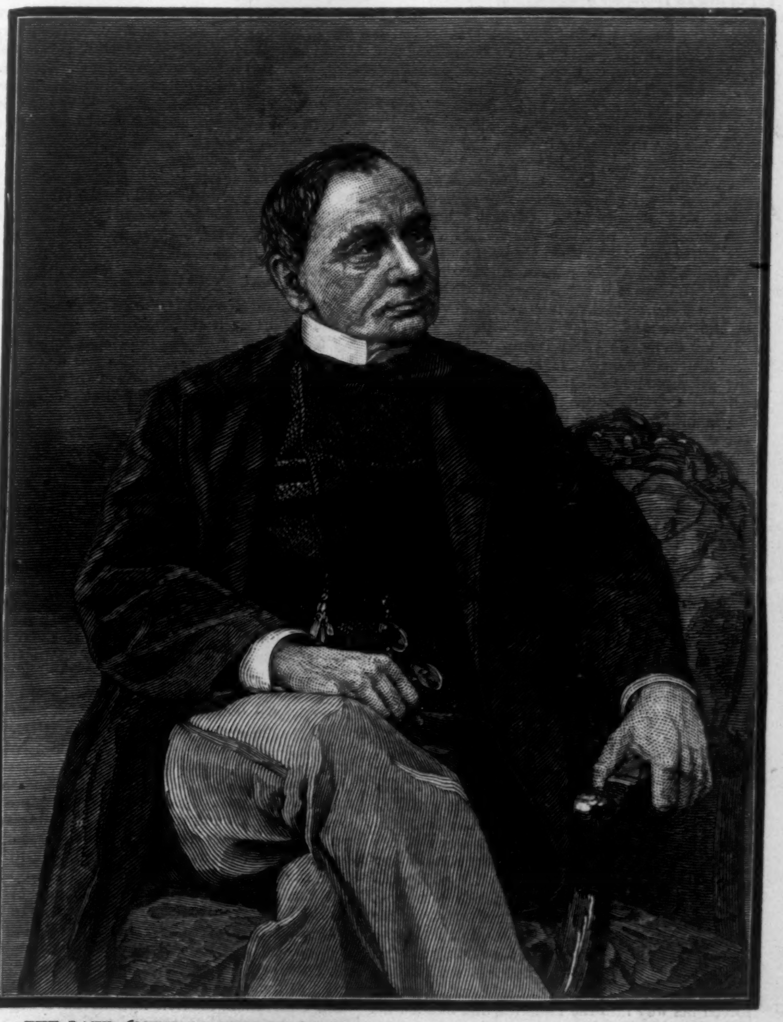
The Doctor knew he could not mend,
And thence this sharp death-torture came;—
"Your heart is *lower* placed, my friend
"Than usual in the human frame!"

"And if my heart is down so low"—
Gasped Hood, and took the proffered cup;—
"There surely is—excuse the *mot*—
More need for me *to keep it up*!"

James T. Fields



SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.—[SEE PAGE 314.]



THE LATE ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PIERSON, OF PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 314.]

tribute to the character of Mr. Fields as a business associate and friend. We are assembled now in the place where he passed the most of his business life, and where it is most appropriate that we should meet to pay our sad tribute to his memory. This place brings back to me the pleasantest recollections of my life with him. He was in every way a delightful business associate. He had the rare art of smoothing over the rough places—an art whose presence contributes so greatly to the comfort not only of him who possesses it, but of all those about him. He was always considerate of the feelings of others, and uniformly courteous and liberal to those in his employ. Making few mistakes himself, he had a patient forbearance toward the mistakes of others; himself a rapid and most industrious worker, he was quick to appreciate and encourage intelligent and industrious effort in others. One trait in particular characterized him—his readiness to listen to the story of any one who came before him as an applicant for a situation, and the sense of duty he always felt to give the applicant every possible chance. I myself have the most grateful remembrance of the kindness with which he received my first modest application for a situation in this store in the year 1855, and the kindness thus begun never varied or faltered during the nine years in which I served him as clerk. As a partner, he was all that one could desire. In his business organization, liberality, enterprise, and prudence were united in happy combination. In any business emergency he held a calm courage; in any business success he was never unduly elated. If differences arose upon any business point, he was always ready to hear and consider the views of others; and if, upon consideration, he adopted them, he did so not grudgingly, but cheerfully, and with hearty co-operation. His presence in moments of business anxiety and depression served as a tonic; in short, in his business life, as everywhere else, he was a signal illustration of that gospel of cheerfulness which he has so pleasantly proclaimed.

"Into the sacred precincts of his private life I shall not attempt to enter. It is enough to say that it was an altogether happy and useful life, marked by the same qualities of generosity, courtesy, and forbearance which I have spoken of as attending his business career. Simple and frugal in his own habits of living, he was open-handed in his charity to the needy, and in his generosity toward his friends. The kindly welcomes and generous hospitalities of that home, now darkened by sorrow, will long be cherished in the memories of all who have shared them.

"Mr. Chairman, and brethren of the trade, the lesson of such a life can not be lost upon us. Not only as men of business in general, but especially as booksellers and publishers, should we take it to heart. We can not all reach the rank in business which the rare qualities of our friend enabled him to gain, but we can all derive encouragement and profit from such an example, and so make ourselves more worthy of the profession which he loved and adorned."

ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN.

Émile de Girardin, the "king of journalists," was born in Paris on the 22d of June, 1806. He began life as Émile de la Motte, the son of a soubrette. He was said to be a natural son of Madame Adelaide, the sister of King Louis Philippe. In all probability he was the son of Count Alexandre de Girardin and the beautiful Madame Dupuis, whose face still charms us in Greuze's painting of "La Jeune Fille à la Colombe." His years of childhood were years of sickness, and till his eighteenth year he lived in the country, reading omnivorously, and brooding over the misfortune of his birth. Coming to Paris, a waif of modern society, he began his active career with a moral sense totally perverted, and a heart in which no memories of a happy home had a place. After a few months in a subordinate position in the royal household, he became a stock-broker's clerk. "Wealth," he said, "levelled all inequalities." Of course he lost the little money his father had given, and to an application for a second loan Count de Girardin replied that "M. Émile Dupuis labored under a mistake." The youth attempted suicide, but was almost miraculously saved from death. The attempt, however, brought him into notoriety, and his novel, *Émile*, created a sensation. He now conceived a brilliant idea, namely, that of starting a journal without capital, and candidly calling it *Le Voleur*, or "The Thief." As the editor of this paper, he fought his first duel. Under the patronage of the Duchesse de Berri, he then founded *La Mode*, to which Balzac, Eugène Sue, and Dumas *fils* were contributors. His next enterprise was his *Journal of Useful Knowledge*, which in six months attained a list of 120,000 subscribers. His success aroused his ambition, and in 1834 he was elected a member of the Assembly, and fought another duel.

In 1836, Émile de Girardin made his greatest hit by founding *La Presse*. It was larger, livelier, "newsier," and cheaper than any other Paris paper. The older journals attacked with violence both the principles and the person of its editor, and in a duel which ensued Girardin had the misfortune of killing one of the noblest of his countrymen, Armand Cassel, the editor of *Le National*. At the open grave of his victim, Girardin had the audacity to push his way through the throng of mourners, and pronounce a eulogy on the talents of the deceased. He with difficulty escaped from the fury of the populace. At this period *La Presse* was an ardent supporter of the Molé and Guizot cabinets, but its editor had the true journalistic scent for coming storms. In February, 1848, he resigned his seat in the Chamber, and on the 24th of that eventful month forced his way into the Tuileries, and handed his late idol, the *Roi bourgeois*, a peremptory note urging abdication. During the Republic, he at first opposed Cavaignac, and supported Louis Napoleon, but was in hot opposition when the *coup d'état* took place, and sent him into exile. He soon, however, returned, and in 1856 sold his paper for 800,000 francs. He could not, however, long keep out of journalism. He resumed his place of editor of *La Presse* in 1862, but left it finally in 1866 in order to start *La Liberté*. In 1870 he favored the Emperor's famous *plébiscite*, and high dignity and office would have been conferred on him if the war with Germany had not broken out. In 1872 he purchased the *Petit Journal*, and raised its circulation within a year to over 500,000. But he had never been in his element since he abandoned *La Presse;* his contemporaries began to describe him as an intellectual fossil, a mere walking mummy. But in 1874 he became editor of *La France*, and in 1877 came to the front with a rush as vigorous as in the early days of *La Presse*. Night after night his editorial columns thundered and lightened against McMahon and the Royalist intriguers, but when the strife ended with the triumph of Gambetta, he did not reward the brilliant partisan writer as the latter expected. At the end of last year he announced his intention of retiring from public life, and in a long letter to his constituents of the Ninth Arrondissement of Paris, repeated his old denunciations of the conservative and centralizing tendencies of the present government.

During his long career there was no cause which Girardin has not supported and denounced with equal vigor. He was a Legitimist, an Orleanist, a Republican, a Bonapartist, and almost a Socialist. His changes of opinion were as sudden as those of the chameleon. No kindly feeling ever restrained his envenomed pen. In 1865 his little daughter romped in the gardens of St. Cloud with the Prince Imperial, but when the death of the unfortunate youth was announced, Girardin used language respecting him of which even Rochefort would have been ashamed. In the last six months he was engaged in a very acrimonious controversy with the editor of *L'Intransigeant*, who had denounced him as the chief of the German spies, and the scene in the Chamber of Deputies when he replied to the accusations of M. Laisant had no parallel in French history. As a dramatist Girardin is known by his *Supplice d'une Femme*, but his fame will rest on his enterprise and energy as a journalist. He was everything to his paper—editor in chief, managing editor, in his early days fighting editor, always the leader-writer. His articles were always bristling with facts, glittering with phrases, and terribly aggressive. "He got up at daybreak every morning," said a witty friend, "in order to make a new enemy." His political sentiments are best expressed in his *mot*, "Parliamentary government is a very bad one, but it is the best, after all."

Émile de Girardin had the good fortune of marrying, in 1851, the charming Delphine Gay, the authoress of several brilliant dramas, of which *La Joie fait Peur* and *Lady Tartuffe* were the most successful. She commenced in the *Presse* that famous "Courrier de Paris" which has had so many imitators. These "Parisian letters" were perhaps her most serious work. When she was in all the splendor of her beauty and talents, her salon was one of the most celebrated in Paris, and there the chiefs of all factions could meet. In late years, the dinners at M. De Girardin's house in the Rue de la Pérouse have been famous less for their high gastronomic merits than for the wit and gossip of the motley guests who were there assembled. Madame De Girardin died in 1855; the widower's second venture did not turn out well, but he always had a crowd of pretty women about him, and he was the friend of every actress in Paris.

Rich, powerful, and with troops of friends, he knew how to grow old gracefully. One of the landmarks of Paris was removed when Émile de Girardin died on the 28th of April, 1881.

HEALTH AND PURE WATER.

Abundance of water is one of the chief sources of the good health of cities. But what modern city has as yet approached the high standard of the ancient? From republican Rome comes to us the first example of a great capital abundantly supplied with water, and its example was followed by all its sister cities of the ancient world. The aqueduct in its perfection is a Roman invention, and as yet in its aqueducts the city of Romulus and the republic, of Augustus and Trajan, has never found a rival. According to a recent estimate, in Trajan's time 332 gallons of water were supplied each day for every inhabitant of Rome; in New York, only about ninety; in London, forty-five. The river that poured into Rome was twenty feet wide and six deep; it was divided into numerous channels, and reached the highest points of the Capitoline Hill. But still more was the quality of the water admirable. It came from the fresh sources of the Anio, high up among the mountains of the Sabines. The fountains never failed in the warmest or the driest weather. The Anio leaped down from a height of 2000 feet, breaking into cascades, and rushing between lofty rocks. It was confined at last in three great reservoirs. Then from a height of 500 feet it entered the tunnels of the aqueducts, and made its way forty or even sixty miles through pipes and over arches, until it reached the cleansing reservoirs near Rome. Its water was almost as pure as the fresh current of a living spring. In London, the water of the people is pumped up from the uncleanly surface of the Thames; in New York, a scanty current flows in summer, fed from sources that are often impure. Boston and Philadelphia are not so well supplied as New York, and nearly all the European capitals are inferior even to London. With all the powers of science and cultivation, modern nations have neglected to use the primal source of health.

The Croton Aqueduct forty years ago approached nearest the Roman of any of its modern rivals. It was built in the more honest period of the Democracy, before the name of Democrat had become tainted and dishonored. Honest men overlooked its construction; no trace of fraud enfeebled its workmanship, and marked it for early decay. It was well built, and not too costly; it furnished an ample stream of pure water, and for more than twenty years New York excelled all its sister cities in the abundance of its supply. It was imitated by Boston and Chicago; it had been preceded by Philadelphia. But the purity and excellence of the Croton were allowed to surpass them all. The Croton Aqueduct was long one of the wonders of the New World. Paris and London envied us its unrivalled stream, the Marcian water of the aqueducts; Berlin and Vienna still drank from their malarious wells. Yet the Croton would scarcely have been thought sufficient for a second-rate Italian city of the Roman period, and in engineering skill was hardly equal to the earlier works of the Roman republic. It was only a vast stride of progress from the brackish wells that once satisfied New York, and might easily have led the way to something better. Then came, about twenty years ago, that atmosphere of fraud in which our city has since seemed hopelessly involved, and decay settled on all its interests and its higher aims. It is a maxim of the Persians that every building raised by dishonesty melts rapidly away, and only honest work endures. The Croton Aqueduct for twenty years has been the sport of corrupt politicians. It has been suffered to grow antiquated and imperfect, while the money that should have enlarged and improved it has been squandered to keep in office the men who would destroy it or neglect it. The wealth of the city has been wasted; the health of the city has been impaired; our officials have loaded their fellow-citizens and posterity with an enormous debt, an oppressive taxation. But the Croton Aqueduct, antiquated and imperfect, is still our only source of supply, and has long ceased to fulfill its purpose.

It is little better than a venerable ruin. Forty years of neglect and indolence have impaired its virtue. Already we are told by a chief engineer that its tube when filled to its full capacity will scarcely supply the wants of the city; that it was never designed to be filled to this extent, and is endangered by it. At any moment its aged arch may burst with a burden it was never meant to bear. But it must be evident to almost every one that the water supply is of the most inferior quantity; that it sometimes flows scantily even on the low levels, and that it has long ceased to rise even to a second story freely; that it leaves the higher portions of the house to the various discomforts of a region without water, and spreads disease. It has become a source of malaria, the creator of a plague. The sewer gas rushes through the vacant houses, the water fails to purify.

Nothing shows more distinctly the worthlessness of the city government we have so long endured, the despotism of uncultivated foreign leaders under which we have so long lain dormant, than this utter neglect of the chief source of health and cleanliness. Had we possessed a Republican and progressive rule, we should have had twenty years ago a new aqueduct and an abundant supply of water. The money that has been wasted on worthless officials alone would have built one finer than the Croton or the Claudian; the debt of one hundred and fifty millions we have had imposed upon us would have paid for four or five. An intelligent and Republican government would never have allowed the chief city of the New World to suffer for want of water, would never have neglected the care and comfort of the people. It is this progressive, intelligent government that we chiefly want to restore the health and cleanliness of the city. No person connected with the fraudulent despotism of the past is fit to be trusted with the new movement. We want men of fresh intellect and untainted character; we must escape wholly from the atmosphere of fraud.

It is evidently necessary to build one or more new aqueducts. The supply of water to the city should be the chief business of the hour. The expense will be great, but the results will repay it tenfold. Health and comfort will come with the new tides of pure water. They may be drawn from the hills of Putnam County, the sources of the Housatonic, or, better still, from the country of the upper lakes. But the work should be begun at once. A single antiquated aqueduct should never be suffered to remain the only reliance of an immense city; a sudden break of its masonry might spread endless mischief, and already its narrow proportions are wholly unsuited to the wants of a great metropolis. Our population is growing with unequalled rapidity. The intelligence and the trade of the world are gathering in our midst. We shall soon form a greater London or Paris. But the single aqueduct that enters our city is already incapable of supplying it with water. The immense population of the future is left wholly unprovided for. Our magnificent dwellings that are already crowding every part of the island will be barren and useless until this chief necessity is supplied. A city without water is a city of the plague. It is time that the intelligent and Republican portion of our citizens united to protect themselves from the malaria of misrule. They outnumber the ignorant by tens of thousands, yet they have allowed themselves for twenty years to be ruled by an unintelligent minority, and are suffering for it.

The story of the ancient aqueducts is interesting. At Carthage is still to be seen an immense conduit, sixty miles long, that brought water from the mountains to the ancient city. It has been recently repaired to supply the people of Tunis. Spain, France, and the East were well provided with these flowing artificial streams. The magnificent aqueduct at Nismes, in France, is still one of the wonders of architecture. Its arches are one hundred and eighty feet high. It is probable that Roman London was better supplied with water than the modern. The bath is usually one of the most conspicuous of the ruins of antiquity. At Rome the aqueducts crossed the mountain gullies by enormous arches, and met and parted in a singular labyrinth. The gaunt outlines of the Claudian still span the Campagna. The full tide of water flowed into the city of Rome from the Sabine hills for nearly six centuries, or ten if we count from the first. The Gothic King Theodoric repaired its aqueducts in the sixth century. Then they slowly sank into decay. The stupid monks on the mountains pierced the dams, and they fell into ruin. The popes and priests neglected to repair the mighty channels. At last they ceased to flow. In the fourteenth century the water of the Tiber was sold in jars at Rome. The mother of Cola di Rienzi was a water-seller, and the genius of the son suggested the new progress of the city.

Under our present rule it would seem that a similar fate must overtake New York. Water may soon be sold in our streets, where it might flow in torrents. We are to be reduced to drink the dregs of an aqueduct, and the slime our Democratic and priestly government is willing to afford us. We think, however, our people are ready to revolt. Eugene Lawrence.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

On page 313 we give the portrait of Sir Stafford Northcote, who has been proposed as the successor of Lord Beaconsfield in the leadership of the opposition. Sir Stafford has figured prominently in English politics, and is regarded as an able man. He was born in London in 1818, studied at Eton, and graduated at Oxford in 1839. He entered Parliament in 1855, and represented several constituencies in turn, till May, 1866, when he was elected for North Devon, whence he has been since returned at every general election.

Sir Stafford was a member of the Joint High Commission, whose labors resulted in the Treaty of Washington in 1871. When Mr. Disraeli formed his cabinet in 1874, he was nominated Chancellor of the Exchequer, and on the removal of the Premier to the House of Peers, he became leader of the ministerialist party in the Lower House.

THE TYRANNY OF MONOPOLIES.

It is a humiliating confession to be obliged to make, but it is true, nevertheless, that the city of New York is absolutely at the mercy of unscrupulous corporations, who, under the authority of special charters from the State, are perpetrating outrages upon the people that in almost any European city would lead to revolution and bloodshed. The railroad companies seize upon our streets, obstruct the sidewalks with great iron pillars, shut out the daylight, destroy business, and nearly craze those who can not get away from the incessant din and roar of passing trains. The telegraph companies also take possession of the streets, and line them from end to end on both sides with great towering poles, on which are carried vast net-works of unsightly wires that are a disgrace to the metropolis of the United States. Not content with obstructing and defacing the open streets, they seize upon the very house-tops, and disfigure and often injure them by the attachment of miniature gibbets on which to hang their wires. The gas companies are not a whit better than either of the others. It is true, they do not lay their mains on the surface of the streets or sidewalks, nor do they suspend their pipes in mid-air, but they are quite as unmindful of the rights of the people in other ways. They make just what gas they please, charge what they like for it, and slap the consumer's face, so to speak, if he dares to protest against either the quality or the price. If he does not like what he gets for the money, he may let it alone. And how can he help himself?

What we may be coming to in the matter of wires and gas, if things go on as they have of late, is happily hit off by our artist in the amusing illustrations on page 312. In one of these the telegraph companies are shown to have carried their cross-bars down almost to the sidewalks. The wires run in all directions, up and down and across the streets. The trees on the route, the upturned hand of Liberty, and even the church steeples, are made to serve as points of attachment. Small boys practice gymnastics to their hearts' content in defiance of the police, vehicles are stopped, pedestrians' hats knocked off, ladies' dresses entangled, and in some instances men and women are obliged to crawl under the low-hanging net-work. Only one individual seems to find the new order of things helpful. Having had too good a dinner, and not being able to get on without assistance, he is following the wires that will lead him home.

Our readers may laugh at these bits of extravagance, but they are not so far out of the way, after all. Even under the present system, several accidents have occurred within the past few months. Last winter's heavy storms broke the wires, and as they hung down in the streets many persons were caught and thrown upon the sidewalks. Within a week, one of the telegraph wires crossing the Bowery at Houston Street broke, just as a train of the elevated railroad was going up town. The engine carried the wire, which remained fastened on the other side of the street, for a short distance, until it struck a Fourth Avenue car going down town. It grazed the horses' heads, and narrowly missed the driver, who beat a hasty retreat to the inside of the car. As the driver, aided by the conductor, was trying to disentangle the wire—a large crowd having gathered in the mean time—an elevated railroad train was passing on its way down town, and in its turn taking up the wire, threw it with such force around the car below as to break three windows. The crowd dispersed as rapidly as it had gathered, but beyond the broken glasses, and a little fright on the part of the passengers in the car, no damage was done.

If this could not be helped, there would not be so much room for finding fault; but it can be. In none of the large cities on the other side is a pole or wire to be seen, the entire business of telegraphy being carried on by cables buried in metal or stone-ware pipes. In Paris the lines are run through the sewers, and in twenty years the expense of repairing has been the merest trifle. In the event of a riot, the buried wires are safe, while with us every line is at the mercy of the mob. In Paris during the reign of the Commune not a wire was molested. The protection from storms is also perfect. In England the under-ground cable line of fourteen wires between Manchester and Liverpool has not had a single interruption since it was laid, ten years ago.

Mr. Rogers's strike at the gas monopoly is not greatly exaggerated. The quality of the article furnished by some of our city companies is often so utterly bad that families are obliged to resort to kerosene and candles as supplemental lights. No wonder the consumer is indignant when the exorbitant bills are presented. But, as we have already said, he is perfectly helpless. No matter how unjust the charge, he must pay it, or away goes the meter. The telegraph nuisance may be remedied by pulling down the poles and burying the wires, but what shall be done to break up the gas monopoly?

THE DOG SHOW.

The Greyhounds stretched their long limbs out,
And wondered what it was all about;
They thought of the prairie wide and free,
And how the rabbits would have to flee,
If ever they left that dreadful place,
And treated themselves to a long swift race.

The Collies were even more in the dark:
There was not a sheep at which to bark.
Out on the plains, with a storm in view,
The creatures had known just what to do:
They could fold a flock, or for stragglers go,
But here they had but a very poor "show."

The Dalmatians looked on in deep disgust:
In horses only they put their trust:
They liked neither company nor room,
For mere "two-legs"—unless a groom—
They hold in contempt: 'twas hardly fair
That neither stable nor horse was there.

The rough Retrievers in sad surprise
Looked pensively out of their golden eyes:
They saw no birds, they heard no shot,
And wondered, no doubt, where they had got:
While the grave Bernards, in the heat and glow,
Sat mournfully musing of Alpine snow.

One big Newfoundland growled: "I know
This is no place for us to 'show.'
What are we worth on sand or on turf?
But show us a lake, or the beating surf,
And fling in the midst a man or two,
And you'll find we know just what to do."

Viciously cross, and dazzlingly white,
Lay Spitzes, who seemed to be dying to bite;
While Terriers of every size and shade
A hubbub of dire confusion made;
And the "Toys" on velvet cushions lay,
And with well-bred languor seemed to say,
"Men, women, and dogs are here, you know,
To do us honor: *we are The Show.*"

"PASTORAL DAYS."

The London *Times* of April 15 contains the following appreciative notice of W. H. Gibson's *Pastoral Days*, published last winter by Harper & Brothers:

"The title of this very beautifully illustrated book conveys but a very faint idea of its merits, which lie not in the descriptions of the varied beauties of the fields and fens of New England, but in the admirable wood-engravings, which on every page picture far more than could be given in words. The author has the rare gift of feeling for the exquisitely graceful forms of plant life, and the fine touch of an expert draughtsman, which enable him both to select and to draw with a refinement which few artists in this direction have ever shown. Besides these essential qualities in a painter from nature, Mr. Gibson has a fine sense of the poetic and picturesque in landscape, of which there are many charming pieces in this volume, interesting in themselves as pictures, and singularly so in their resemblance to the scenery of Old England. So completely do the woodlands and the way-side brooks and standing pools, with wide-spreading beeches, reflect the scenery of the old country in the new, that we see at once why the first settlers thought of home, and called it affectionately by the old name. Most of the little vignette-like views might be mistaken for Birket Foster's thoroughly English pictures, and some are like Old Crome's vigorous idyls. One of the most striking, a wild forest scene with a storm passing, called 'The Line Storm,' is quite remarkable in the excellent drawing of the trees swept by the gale, and in the general composition of the picture, which is full of the true poetic conception of grandeur in landscape beauty.

"But all Mr. Gibson's good drawing would have been nothing unless he had been so ably aided by the artist-engravers, who have throughout worked with such sympathy with his taste, and so much regard for the native grace of wild flowers, grasses, ferns, insects, and all the infinite beauties of the fields, down to the mysterious spider and his silky net spread over the brambles. The ordinary wood-engraver is too often the terror of the artist, who spends his best efforts in drawing with the finest point every detail upon the block, with the constant dread lest all his careful work should be cut to pieces under the cruel chisel. These cuts, however, are exceptional examples of beautiful work, giving all the freedom and nice flow of line, with the true character of the forms that the original drawing set before the translator. Nothing in the whole round of wood-engraving can surpass, if it has even equalled, these in delicacy as well as breadth of effect. Much as our English cutters pride themselves on belonging to the school which Bewick and Jackson founded, they must certainly come to these American artists to learn the something more which is to be found in their works.

"In point of printing, too, there is much to be learned in the extremely fine ink and paper, which, although subjected to 'hot-pressing,' are evidently adapted in some special condition for wood-printing. The printing is obviously by hand-press,* and in the arrangement of the type with the cuts on each page the greatest ingenuity and invention are displayed. This, too, has been designed with a sort of Japanesque fancy; here is a tangled mass of grasses and weeds, with a party of ants stealing out of the shade, and there the dragon-flies flit across among the blossoms of the reeds, or the feathery seeds of the dandelion float on the page. Each section of the seasons has its suggestive picture: Spring-time, with a flight of birds under a May-flower branch that hangs across the brook; Summer, a host of butterflies sporting round the wild rose; Autumn, with the swallows flying south, and falling leaves that strew the page; while for Winter the chrysalis hangs in the leafless bough, and the snow-clad graves in the village church-yard tell the same story of sleep and awakening. As many as thirty different artists, besides the author and designer, have assisted in producing this very tastefully illustrated volume, which, without any great pretension, and with no extravagance of outside show, commends itself by its genuine artistic merits to all lovers of the picturesque and the natural."

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

VERY FINE IDEAS.

According to many sound opinions—at variance with others almost as sound—the valley of the Teign, near Fingle Bridge, is the finest thing to look at in the west of England. As in the vales of Lym or Barle the rugged lines of Exmoor descend in grace, so here the sterner height and strength of Dartmoor fall into beauty, yet preserve their grandeur. The windings of the great hills, as they interwend each other, come down with sweet obeisance to the shelter of the valley. Their rounded heights are touched with yellow of scant grass or gray rock, but under the bleak line furze begins, and heather, and the oak foliage. With rapid steps, as must be down a pitch of such precipitance, the foliage slides from tone to tint, and deepens into darker green. But the play of lighter colors also, and the glimpse of silver stems, arise around the craggy openings, and the birth of some fern-cradled rill. For in the depth short loops of water flash, like a clew to the labyrinth.

All this is very fine, and may be found in other places too. But the special glory of the Fingle Vale is the manifold sweep of noble curves, from the north and from the south, by alternate law, descending, overlapping one another by the growth of distance, and holding up their haze, like breath that floats to and fro between them. These, with winding involution and recessed embossing, in fainter and fainter tones retire to the dim horizon of the heights.

As yet a scene of beauty was enabled to keep its rapture to itself, and the echoes of solemnity had not learned to exclaim, "Come here, Harry," and, "Oh lawks, Matilda!" Our good British race had not yet been driven to pant up hill, and perspire down dale, for the sake of saying that they had been there. And people who went for their holidays sought the renown of each place in the larder.

Of this kind was Sir Joseph Touchwood—a man with no humbug about him in any pursuit, except that of a contract. "Don't talk to me about your views," he said to his lady, who was picking up all the picturesque expressions; "they don't cost a penny, and they don't bring one in. I have seen some hundreds of them, and was none the wiser. Lazy folk may talk about them. I want my dinner."

"Julia dear," began Lady Touchwood, who was always more affectionate in the presence of papa, "do persuade your father to come with us for once. It would do him so much good! and he must not always slave." The young lady looked at her father, and perceiving by his lips that his mind was sternly set, she was wise enough not to run the risk of failure.

"He knows best," she answered, softly; "and perhaps his mind, instead of relaxing, would only be impatient all the while. It is happy for us not to have such a heavy sense of duty, and that he has it. But darling papa will not object to our having a holiday, and asking a few friends."

"You may have all the world and his wife," said Sir Joseph, who was always cross when hungry; "but no Champagne, mind; only the Moselle; unless Sir Robert Moneywig is quite sure to be there, and to bring his daughter Chrysolite. After all I have done, and the style you live in, and the table you keep when I am out of the way, it does seem a little too atrocious that when I come home I must keep awake till midnight to amuse a lot of fellows who have not got sixpence."

Lady Touchwood, although of fervent spirit, resolved to have it out with him by-and-by, hoping that her daughter would come forward now, and receive a little check to her impertinence. But Julia saw through that manœuvre.

"Do you know why that is, papa?" she asked, with a smile sweetly void of satire. "It is because you are too good-natured, and so extremely amusing. Of course we all do our best; but still none of us can talk as you do."

"You have not been through such things as I have," replied Sir Joseph, who could talk of nothing except the weather, and the price of corn, and leather; "if you had, with your abilities, my dear, you could describe almost anything. Oh, dinner is up, is it? And high time too. If Master Richard appears, just tell him he may go to the party; he shall not come in to us. There shall be punctuality in my house. When I was a boy— Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Hush!" said Lady Touchwood, or at least she "breathed it," according to the fashion of expression now. Too often Sir Joseph invaded the stately air of his "princely apartments" with rash little references to the days when he was hungry, and the things he enjoyed with his apron on. His daughter always laughed, and said, "Do tell us more," but his wife, as a matter of duty, quenched it.

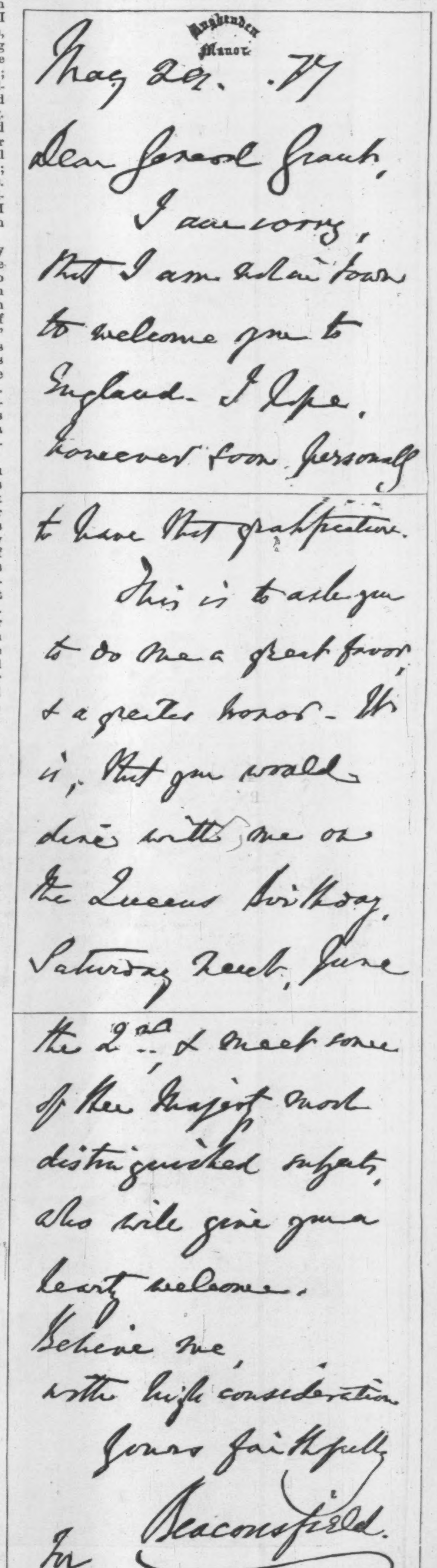
"Now I do not wish you to misunderstand me," this strong-minded baronet took care to say, when the dinner was over, and the servants gone, and he began to spy about (in a full frame of mind) for his pipe, and his round chair, and the clearance of the women; "what I said was plain enough. If you are certain that Sir Robert means to be with you, take half a dozen of the very dry Champagne, and for the girls the sweeter stuff. No Moselle; I would not have it said; and the name is on the corks, confound them! I heard of it, when I myself took the labels off the bottles. An idiot said— But I will not spoil my pipe. Under any circumstances, take Champagne. Julia will count how much there is. But open no 'extra sec' until you see Sir Robert and his daughter, with those wretched old screws they keep. Mind, I wish things to be done handsomely, and in accordance with my reputation, if anybody comes at all who is capable of judging."

"All shall be done to the very utmost of my poor ability," his daughter replied, as she rose to fetch his pipe, and the ancient brass tobacco-box, which had cost him a penny when pence were scarce. Then she drew toward the fire his favorite chair, for a fire was still a comfort, and however grand the room might be, where he dined, there he would have his pipe, and in no other chair but that. Cushions and sloping backs he hated, but loved this old ashen seat, which was not even polished, but closely railed round the back, and cupped in the centre, and supported by six substantial legs. Whatever might be said against Sir Joseph, his bitterest enemy, or the man who got the worst of him, could scarcely describe him as a "stuck-up cad"; for his common-sense kept him from that disgrace. His "social duties"—as his wife and daughter called them—were the greatest pest of his life. He felt that he had earned, as well as needed, his nap on a Saturday eve, and his curtained pew on Sunday, and the bliss of not having to listen while people talked of things that concerned him not. Yet with the vigor which had led him to success, and the patience which confirmed it, he was ready to go into his best clothes often, and show the hospitality for which the West was famous.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BEACONSFIELD TO GRANT.

Our readers can not fail to be interested in the following fac-simile, which we are enabled to give through the courtesy of the gentleman who has the original in his possession, of an autograph letter from Lord Beaconsfield to General Grant, written during the visit of the latter in England.



Hughenden
Manor

May 29. 77

Dear General Grant,

I am sorry,
that I am not in town
to welcome you to
England. I hope,
however, soon personally
to have that gratification.

This is to ask you
to do me a great favor,
& a greater honor. It
is, that you would
dine with me on
the Queens birthday,
Saturday next, June
the 2nd, & meet some
of Her Majesty's most
distinguished subjects,
who will give you a
hearty welcome.

Believe me,
with high consideration
Yours faithfully
Beaconsfield.

To
General Grant

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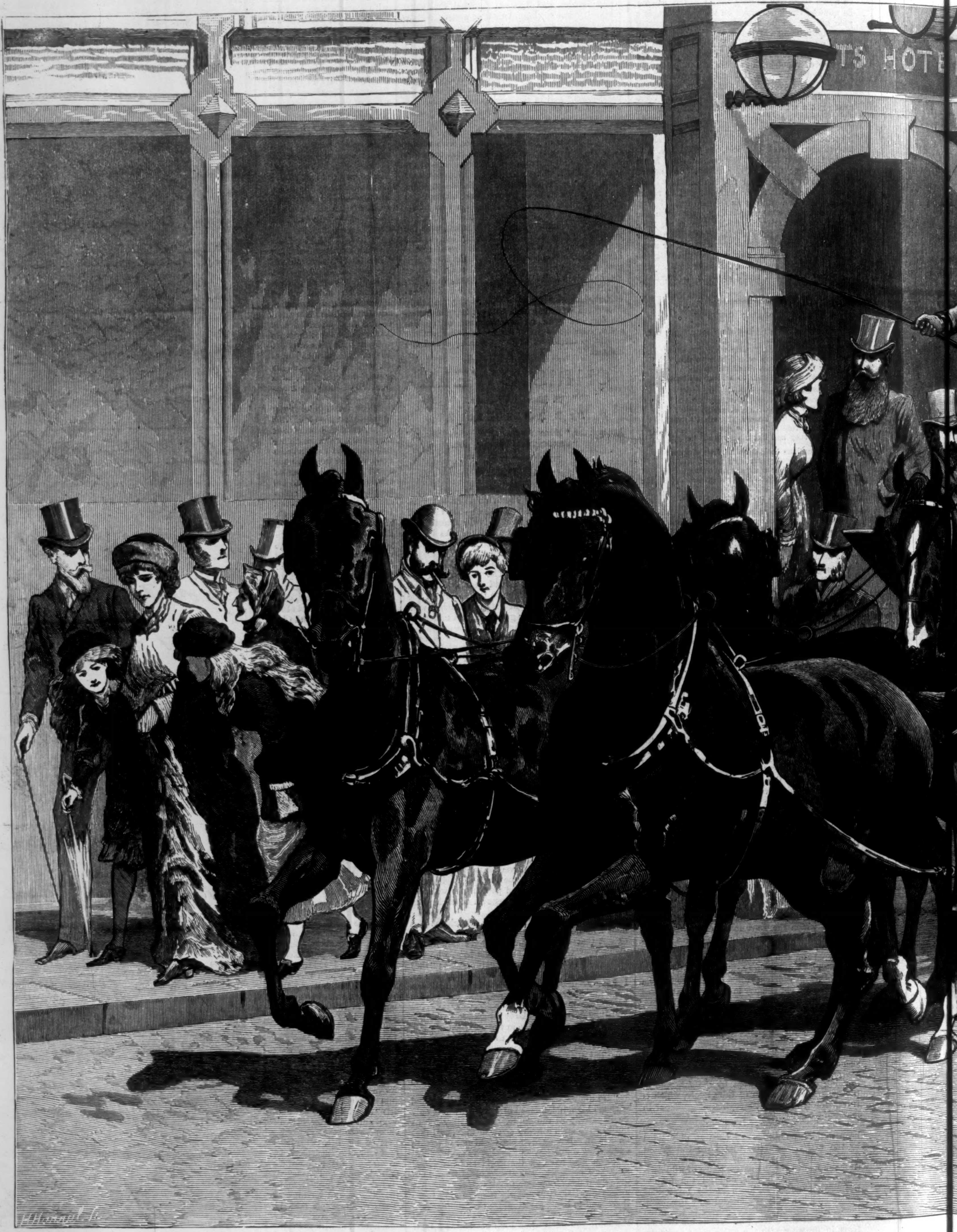
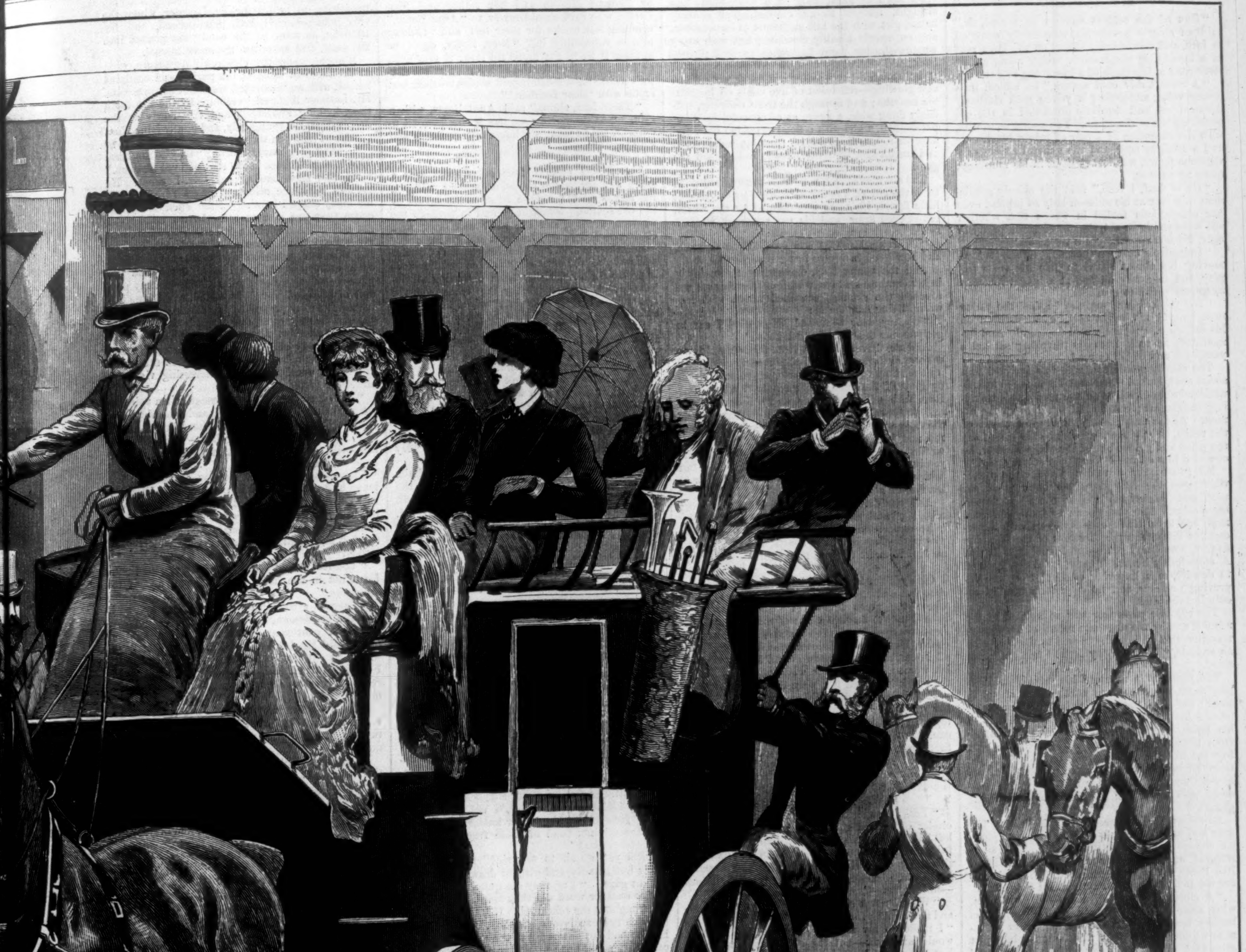
* This is an error. The book was printed on an Adams power-press.



THE COACHING



HING CLUB.—[See Page 319.]

MY ICICLE.

"One of the coldest winters on record, sir," said an elderly gentleman, elaborately wrapped in furs, and comfortably seated on the back seat of a lumbering stage-coach, toiling along an icy river-road at the close of a bleak day in January.

"A remarkably cold season," he added, in a louder voice, addressing a young man similarly fur-wrapped, and similarly domiciled in the opposite corner of the coach. The young man, who, with the exception of a pair of bright black eyes and a straight nose, and the general aspect of a vigorous figure, was lost to sight in his mufflings, made no answer.

"He is deaf, I fear," said the elderly gentleman to a lady at his side—a lady so beyond even her companions folded in wraps that whether she were young or old, slender or stout, pretty or ugly, did not appear. "I'll try again."

"Immensely cold weather, sir," he shouted, removing his throat shawl to give his voice full play, and in a key pitched at a height intended to convey sound to deafness.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" asked the young man, turning his bright black eyes stonily upon his neighbor. "Quite a cold day, sir." And immediately he took from his travelling satchel a pamphlet, and began to read.

The elderly gentleman, who was inclined to a social chat, looked somewhat discouraged at this unmistakable disrelish on the part of his travelling companion; but he did not give up the attack. At the first moment that, after a jolt of the coach, he saw the reader raise his eyes from the print and glance out of the stage window, he accosted him again—"Very bold scenery, sir!"

He paused for a reply; there came none; whereupon the lady drew her hand from her muff, and touched his knee with a slight fluttering motion. The young man evidently observed this; his keen black eyes followed with a perceptible intentness the direction of the feminine fingers, small and plump and smoothly gloved. A consciously beautiful hand, its action seemed to declare, in a lingering removal from the reproving pressure, and its coquettish turn in reentering the muff.

The sociable passenger was so nettled by the rebuke, and by the obstinate rebuff of his fellow-traveller, that he actually turned to the lady with an audible, "Why not, my dear?" and then subsided.

The young man resumed his pamphlet. The lady nestled in the coach corner as if about to sleep; the old gentleman pulled his shawl up around his throat, and leaned back resolutely in his place, keeping his uneasy eyes vacillating from window to window. Occasionally he bent forward to wipe with his silk handkerchief the cloud of breath from the pane nearest him, and at such moments he glanced furtively at his *vis-à-vis*, who never condescended to return the glance.

So the afternoon passed. Day declined. The gray and lowering clouds flushed by sunset glowed suddenly into a brilliant red. The stage stopped, and the driver called out: "Panther Hill Point, ladies and gentlemen. Five minutes for the famous view of Panther Hill Point."

"A glorious view!" cried the old gentleman, with zest, and unbuttoning with alacrity the leather screen toward the west. "How fortunate we are to arrive at this famous place just at sunset, when everything will be at its best! How exceedingly fortunate we are, my dear!" he repeated, to the lady, who had been asleep, but who now, aroused, bestirred herself with some animation, and leaned across the old gentleman's arms to thrust her head through the open space. She threw back her veil to have a clear view, and was presently as rapt as her companion in contemplating the scene—a scene which, always sublime, in its stretch through a perspective of hills, over miles and miles of rich rolling lands edged with white sea-sands merging on the sea, was at this moment transfigured by the gold and carmine of one of those wonderful winter sunsets that seem to lavish, as in one haunting memory of a perfect summer, all the brilliancy and warmth of the tropics.

The young lady—she was young, not more than seventeen or eighteen at utmost—leaned out of the coach window, regardless of the frost, and gazed upon the scene absorbed in delight. "How beautiful!" as in an ecstasy, she gasped.

"How beautiful!" Was this an echo of her words? It was the thought of the young man opposite, yet he was looking not at the landscape, but at the girl's illumined face. At the wintry landscape, indeed, even when in the enthusiasm of the moment the old gentleman, forgetting past grievances, turned confidingly to him and shouted, "One of the most glorious views in America, sir," he scarcely glanced. Evidently he had no zest for noble expanse, and no

> "Glorious sympathy with suns that set."

Perfectly unconscious of attracting any observation was the feminine devotee of fine scenery, until with a sudden jolt the stage started on, and the old gentleman began to rebutton the friendly screen between his snug corner and the bitter cold. Then, in the very act of restoring her thick veil, she was arrested by some influence. She started, and looked at the stranger. There he was, immovable, opposite, but with his book for the instant dropped. Their eyes met, and if ever ice met ice it was when those bright black masculine orbs, intent and scrutinizing, and with their perennial coldness and latent scorn, met the bright blue, deeply eyelashed feminine eyes, one moment before soft and brilliant with admiration, now instantly repellant, disdainful—

> "Distinct, but distant; clear, but, oh, how cold!"

Half an hour later, while the sky was still red, and the snow-clad earth clear almost as in sunlight, the stage stopped before a rustic carriage gate, flanked by forest trees, but not opening upon lawn or park, only on a road, short and straight, leading to an old-fashioned country house, girt with the tall skeletons of locust-trees, and outwardly bleakly desolate; but with every window-shutter from basement to roof thrown back, and with every window curtained with red, and through every window a light shining warm and glowing—reflection of live coals on hospitable hearths; and through the front doorway, suddenly flung wide, a figure as of cheerful fire-light personified, a girl with a flood of golden hair, and a gown red as flame, came running, unbonneted and uncloaked, down the road, and opened the gate.

The old gentleman, who had already descended from the coach, was seized at once by this ardent little figure, his neck was clasped by the warm, red-sleeved arms, and his ear accosted, while a sweet breath crossed his cheek:

"Dear Mr. Healde! how good in you to come, and how good in you to bring Blanche!"

And the young lady, descending more slowly in her cumbrous wraps, was, immediately that she touched the ground, wreathed about with this warm, living flame, and:

"Oh, my dear Blanche! How glad I am to get you, my dear, darling Blanche!"

And the driver received from this winged hostess one knowing nod, and the three figures glided up the short road to the house, where, in the ruddy glow of the open doorway, stood a matronly form with extended hands, and a beaming face, and snow-white cap, and then all disappeared; the door was shut. The driver, who, obedient to the nod, had dropped the two big trunks just within the gate, leaped upon the box, and the young man in the coach saw no more; he did but ask, in his icy voice, "Driver, how far is it now to Dr. Buck's?"

And the driver answered, cheerily, "A short mile, sir," and gave a smart crack to his whip, quite unnecessarily, for the scent of near home was in the nostrils of the beasts, and they needed no hint to make the last mile short.

Old-fashioned? Yes; but how comfortable, cheerful, and fresh little Maggie's own room, where the great four-post bedstead, and the brass-handled sombre chest of drawers, and the slender-legged oval tables, and straight-backed chairs, legacies of unknown grandmothers, were all in contrast with the two budding, sweet, girlish women, who, in their white peignoirs before the sparkling wood fire, were combing their hair—Maggie her tangled golden curls, and Blanche her dark brown unbraided bands—and chatting together; chatting as only birds and young girls can, sense and nonsense: sense last, nonsense first, sense worse, nonsense best, now and forever.

At last Blanche said, very seriously, "And you are really going to be married, Maggie—married the day after to-morrow! It hardly seems possible."

"Yes," answered Maggie, touching lightly a circlet of twisted gold on the first finger of her left hand; "there is the sign. I've worn it faithfully nearly eight months. Yes, just think: this time next year I shall be an old married woman, while you, Blanche, will still be only a girl, unless—unless you—"

"Well, I never shall," said Blanche, decidedly, and not waiting for the conclusion of the sentence. "I made up my mind a year ago that I never would, and now—nothing can change me now. Not but that I like plenty of 'friends, countrymen, lovers'—indeed, I could not live without them; and I'm too fond, perhaps, of flowers, and music, and dancing, and all the pleasant words that only men know how to say. But I shall never marry; for I could not marry without being desperately in love; and I know I am different from the other girls, but I have never in my life seen a man whom I could love, or whom I *imagined* I could love. Never—that is, *but one*, and that one I have only seen once, and never shall see again."

"How strange! How different from my experience, Blanche! I have *always* known Tom, and always shall. We have always loved each other, and always will. But tell me about this *one man:* how did he look? How did he act?"

"Cold as ice."

"How dreadful!" said Maggie, "and how different from Tom! He couldn't be as cold as ice."

"Not if you were near, Maggie Carter," said Blanche, caressingly: "you'd melt anything, even my icicle. But come: don't let us be foolish girls any more; let us take one more look at the gowns, and then go to bed."

The gowns: simple ones they were, only white muslin with white ribbons, but each one precious as pearls; for one was a bridemaid's, to be worn with all a bridemaid's fluttering powder up to the altar; and the other a veritable wedding gown, whose knots of ribbon were to clasp orange blossoms.

The home-made candles in the tall brass candlesticks on the black wood mantel-piece needed many snuffings, and the fire on the hearth burned to embers, before that last look at the gowns, and all the talk and stir that look occasioned, were completed; and then the two girls, who had been friends from infancy, knelt down together, hand in hand, and said their prayers.

The morrow came, cold and dazzling; snow, ice, and adamantine sky out-doors; and within, warmth, sunshine, feasting, and, as Mr. Healde said, "solid comfort." Maggie had a long love-letter from her lover, whom she had not seen for a day, and was not to meet until afternoon, when the ceremony would be rehearsed at the village church: not that the ceremony was at all complicated, with its primitive simplicity of one bridemaid and one groomsman and one old gentleman to give the bride away, but because it was the fashion at Pine Ridge to rehearse ceremonies.

At four o'clock the sleigh started for church, drawn by two shaggy ponies driven by Maggie, and filled, under double layers of buffalo-robes, by Blanche Healde and her father and Mrs. Carter, who said, considerately, to "Aunt Betsy," bringing hot bricks for their feet, and "tucking missus consolably in," "Now, Betsy, don't be anxious if we're not home till late; it may even be half past nine; for the children up at the doctor's are to have a candy-pull to-night—their last frolic with 'Dear Brother.'"

"Their lass, shure," said Aunt Betsy, with a grin. "Af' to-morrow we has Massa Tom all to oursel's, an' he make any house clap its hands and sing joyful."

The village church, four miles away, was a small weather-beaten chapel on a bleak hill-side, but it was heated for the occasion *con amore* by the old sexton. Sunlight poured in through the western window, and the altar was hung with Christmas cedars still fragrant and green.

Blanche received a general impression of quaint solemnity as she entered the aisle; but her next impression disturbed her from observing all objects merely picturesque, for Tom came from the vestry with his "groomsman," whom he presented as his college chum, Edward Latimer.

Blanche received Mr. Latimer with a haughty air, strangely in contrast to her genial grace in greeting Tom. She turned pale, too, as she withheld her hand, guilefully oblivious that his was extended. Two words shot through her mind, and with a pang as of a wound—a pain that she remembered afterward. Here was the "one man" of her last night's confession, "seen once, and never to be seen again." The two words that shot through her heart and brain were, "My Icicle."

Mr. Healde recognized his companion of the yesterday's journey; he recognized, too, in the name and the well-known college association with Tom a relationship to his own dearest friend, Giles Latimer, these two years dead—that only son whom he had never before met, and who now, on his part, as quickly as names were mentioned, recognized Mr. Healde as his father's friend. But was this cause sufficient for the peculiar manner of meeting shown by these two men—the elder flushed, excited, disturbed almost to anger, and the other calm, but significantly defiant?

Maggie and Tom, observing a certain embarrassment upon their guests, hastened the rehearsal. Blanche found herself in the vestibule, with her arm in that of the young man, whose manner to her, whatever it might have been yesterday, was now graceful and courteous.

"What a strange little edifice is this chapel!" he said, as they stood waiting. "Does it not seem to you just the place for evergreens, and for a winter wedding?"

Blanche made no reply. Her chin was upturned rather saucily, and her eyes were fixed intently upon a cedar star on the wall.

Mr. Latimer glanced at her surprised—it seemed impossible that she should not have heard him. He spoke again, rather louder:

"Are you not fond of these fragrant Christmas evergreens?"

"Did you speak to me, sir?" said Blanche, softly but frigidly, and without drawing back her distant gaze. "Yes, they are quite fragrant."

Not another word did they speak to each other throughout the rehearsal. If Maggie and Tom had not been so joyous, and Mrs. Carter and Mr. Healde had not entered into the spirit of the occasion, the half-hour would have been very dull. But who could resist Tom and Maggie? Almost before Blanche knew how she was going to be disposed of, she was packed into a cutter with Mr. Latimer, while Tom and Mrs. Carter were on the back seat of the sleigh, and Mr. Healde by the side of Maggie, who was driving, and calling gayly back to Mr. Latimer, who took the reins with evident reluctance:

"Do not lose sight of me, and I'll lead you the right road."

"It is something of a privilege to be assured that one is on the right road, even if it is a dreary road," said Mr. Latimer, with the voice of one who attempts a mild pleasantry; but Blanche merely answered,

"Altogether a dreary road," and continued silent.

Maggie, with her fleet ponies, drove quickly, and Mr. Latimer, finding no other diversion than that of speeding his not fiery steed, kept close behind. When his horse's nose was in danger of trifling too seriously with Mrs. Carter's bonnet, or resting too composedly on Tom's good-natured shoulders, he reined him in a little; otherwise the sleigh-ride from church to Dr. Buck's mansion was rather monotonous, and would have been altogether monotonous but for the jests and laughter and bits of song from the irrepressible people in the sleigh, broken but not lost in the merry jingling of the bells.

"We don't often have weather like this, Ned," said Tom, when he helped his friends to alight. "I hope you did not suffer, driving?"

"If I had been more *impressible* to the cold, I should have been frozen," said Edward Latimer, with an accent appreciated by Blanche only.

Tea at Dr. Buck's, with nine children between the ages of two and twelve at table, and the doctor called away by a patient, and only one meek little mother to interpose between them and the muffins, and between the muffins and the honey, and that one little mother obliged to pour tea for the company, was rather an obstreperous event; but not more than one baby got on to the table, and not more than three cups of milk were spilled on clean pinafores, and not more than a dozen plates of doughnuts were sacked after the muffins were demolished. So, what with plenty of merriment and charm of novelty to the guests, the affair went off very creditably. Games of "blindman's-buff" and "hunt the slipper" followed, in which all the young folks joined, until news was brought from the kitchen that the molasses had "come to a boil"; and the children scampered off, dragging "Dear Brother" and Maggie with them, and promising to return for Mr. Latimer, whom the two younger girls had monopolized, and for Blanche, as soon as the candy was poured into the pans, and set out in the snow to cool.

Blanche, upon the children's departure, went to the farthest table of the parlor, and occupied herself with an illustrated annual of obscure date. Mr. Latimer lingered irresolute by the fire for a time, looking studiously and frequently at the deeply occupied young lady, and finally joined her.

"May I help you turn the leaves, Miss Healde?"

"Thank you," said Blanche; "they do not turn. This is one of those books that will not lie open."

"I like such books," said Mr. Latimer. He pressed back the reluctant pages forcibly with his finely shaped hand. "I like such books, because they are new to me. In my country—I am a South American, a Brazilian by birth, and my college terms were all spent North, excepting this last year—in my country the books open extremely easily. I have never had the pleasure of exerting the least effort in my pursuit of knowledge, or," he added, with some bitterness, "in my pursuit of happiness. Have you enjoyed this picture sufficiently?" It was an execrable mezzotint illustrative of "some boundless contiguity of shade," but it had engrossed attention for a long time. He turned the pages gravely to another equally interesting vignette, and there rested.

"Miss Healde!" he said, presently, in a voice so changed that Blanche started, and looked up involuntarily full into his eyes—those bright black eyes, which were searching her—"will you tell me—will you in gentle kindness tell me, how I have offended you?"

The encounter of glances was so near, so intense, and so intensified in meeting that Blanche was thrown off her guard. Instead of answering in character, the character she had assumed of icy haughtiness and disdain, she replied like a child, "You treated my father very rudely yesterday."

"You forget that he was a stranger to me then. I am not in the habit of addressing myself to strangers."

"There is a certain deference due to age, and due to a gentleman," said Blanche.

"To a gentleman, certainly, from a gentleman," said Mr. Latimer. "I stand reproved. I was sadly out of sorts yesterday. I had vexation. I was perturbed in spirit, or I should not have repelled courteous advances. Will you forgive me?"

"I can not forgive what I do not entertain as a personal consideration," said Miss Healde, returning to her dignity and to her illustrated annual.

At that moment there was a violent knock at the front door. The housekeeper was seen rushing speedily past the parlor. "Dying, at the least, with such a knock as that for the doctor. Poor thing, and he miles off, as he generally is!" sighed her pitiful soul, never yet staled in its compassion by custom.

"Is Mr. Latimer here, Mrs. McDougal?" asked a sonorous voice.

"There is a strange gentleman here, Patrick," answered Mrs. McDougal, cautiously. "He may be Mr. Latimer, and he may not. I'll inquire."

"Thin till him a carridge is waitin' for him from Crawford's, and a lady is stoppin' at the hotil, and wishes to spake to him without delay immadiately, and she sinds her card and best compliments—here it is—and would he plase be as undelayin' as possible."

All this was quite audible in the parlor. Mr. Latimer had sprung impulsively to his feet, and had turned pale before the card was given to him.

"Dearest Edward,—I am here. Come without delaying.
Dolores."

This in pencil, upon a visiting-card engraved "Madame S. T. R. a Radoni."

"Tell Madame Radoni that I am engaged until to-morrow noon. But wait." He wrote upon the back of the card, "May be at Crawford's at ten this evening—not before.—E. L.," and gave it to Mrs. McDougal. "The carriage may return."

Mr. Latimer, still quite pale, crossed the parlor to the fireside, where the elderly people were chatting. "Mr. Healde," he said, "may I speak to you alone on a matter of importance?"

"If you will promise to be brief, sir," said Mr. Healde, with the same irritation, verging upon anger, that had marked his meeting at church with the young man, to whom he had not spoken since. "I can not allow a festive occasion like this to be trifled with unnecessarily."

They went together into the library, which opened like an alcove from the parlor, and seated themselves at the round table. Blanche could see Mr. Latimer's face while he talked to her father, but their words were inaudible.

"Well, sir," began Mr. Healde, "say to me what you must say."

"I understand from your letter, dated December 12," said Mr. Latimer, "that your daughter remains perfectly ignorant of my father's will—ignorant even of his name—and, so far as our fates have any relation to each other, ignorant of my existence."

"Ignorant to this day," said Mr. Healde; "and so I mean she shall be."

"Very well. I wrote to you that after my mother's death my father recurred frequently to his early life, and to his attachment to your sister, whose marriage with him was only prevented by her early death. I wrote to you that he had left a will bequeathing all his large property to me and to my heirs forever, with a generous marriage portion for my bride, in case I should marry your daughter, the niece and namesake of his beloved Blanche; and that, in case I should marry otherwise, I would inherit but half his estate, the rest to be divided among certain charities duly named."

"I know all this, sir," said Mr. Healde, "and that you wrote me you declined to entertain the thought of a marriage with my daughter, but that the 'marriage portion' was at her disposal, apportioned from your reduced estate. I know that I declined your offer."

Mr. Latimer bent forward, and said, with great earnestness: "I wish to retract that hasty letter. I am willing to marry your daughter."

Mr. Healde leaned back in his chair, and seemed gasping for breath. The young man went on impetuously, without analyzing the effect of his declaration. Once, when he was interrupted, he seized the old gentleman's hand, and said, "Hear me through."

"I am willing, I say, to marry your daughter; but, as my father's friend, and a man older in the world than I am, I ask your assistance in this matter, Mr. Healde; for I am entangled in a serious difficulty, and through no fault of mine. Madame Radoni, the widow of one of my true friends, has attached herself to me with all the ardor of an unschooled and passionate nature. It has been my sad fate from boyhood to meet such natures. I do not reciprocate her affection, but she declares herself to be my affianced bride. I was ill, and she nursed me sacredly. She has a good heart, poor little Dolores. But I have no recollection of having offered myself; she, unfortunately, distinctly remembers that she accepted me. I beg you to go to her, sir. She is here; she has followed me. I have just received her card. She is at Crawford's—an inn by the ferry. I want you to go to her, sir, and explain to her that I can not marry her; that I am bound by every tie of honor and of religious duty to marry another."

"Young man, what do you take me for?" gasped Mr. Healde. "Who do you suppose I am, sir? You wrote to me that you did not believe in inherited loves and inherited friendships. I tell you now very plainly that I do not believe in inherited marriages. It is useless for you to entertain the remotest thought of my daughter. I will none of it, sir. Go and marry the little woman who has accepted you. You have, no doubt, egregiously deceived her. You are just the man to have done it. Men like you, blessed with heartlessness, and cursed with good looks, go around the world breaking women's hearts. Go and marry her, that is my advice; and make her, if you can, a good husband." And with this Mr. Healde stalked back into the parlor.

Maggie's wedding was a noon wedding; she was a bride of the sunshine. The church was thronged with people from far and near. Its evergreens were brightened with in-door flowers plucked lavishly from many a petted window-garden. The ceremony was tender and solemn; and then, when everybody had kissed the bride, she sped away with her young husband, and while people were still chatting in the church, she had put on her travelling gown, and had started on the way of her wedding tour.

It was in this lingering time at the church that Blanche was presented, by particular request, to a stranger who had expressed to Mr. Latimer an unprecedented admiration for the lovely bride-maid evidently so cold to him—a coldness which perhaps enhanced the attraction, for the stranger was the unschooled and ardent Madame Radoni, a handsome brunette gorgeously apparelled, and accompanied by her lap-dog, carefully cloaked in velvet, and carried by her maid.

Blanche had time to exchange a few words very agreeably with Madame Radoni; but Mr. Healde was not presented, although, to use his own mental expression, he was "immensely struck" with the gorgeous creature whose broken heart had not deprived her face of ready smiles, or her figure of luxurious contour.

This remembrance of being "immensely struck" reconciled Mr. Healde, late in the afternoon, in finding, when he reached the railway on the nearest way home, that the one drawing-room car had only two chairs disengaged, and those near the one taken by Mr. Latimer, and directly opposite a sofa occupied by Madame Radoni, her lap-dog, and maid. Blanche renewed her acquaintance with the charming foreigner; Mr. Healde's sociable inclinations met with a very different response from that experienced in the stage-coach; and by the time a change of cars was made, and plenty of drawing-room compartments were offered, he had become so completely sympathetic with the sad case of the warm-hearted widow that he whispered to Latimer, to that gentleman's infinite surprise, that he believed, after all, he could help him; in pursuance of which belief he persuaded Madame Radoni to remain with him a while in a car, while the rest of the party selected and arranged their places to the city.

Mr. Healde was one of those dear old gentlemen whom the hearts of children and of women unquestionably confide in, and he was worthy of that confidence. As soon as he was left with Madame Radoni he unfolded to her gently and with the skill of sympathetic tact the situation of the man she loved, withholding the name of the young lady selected by the father for his son's wife, but dwelling carefully upon the misery that would be incurred by an affectionate and exquisite woman who should allow herself to contract a marriage with a cold-hearted young man against his judgment, and to the sacrifice of half of his inheritance. He pictured with genuine earnestness the sad existence of opposite natures plunged into a career of daily discordance.

The result was, when they joined their travelling companions in the drawing-room car, where Mr. Latimer was found engrossed in his book, and Blanche was found engrossed in her book, Madame Radoni, instead of directing soft glances to Latimer, "looked daggers" at him, and devoted herself to Blanche and he father; looked daggers still more at Latimer when, having reached the city, she allowed herself to be driven to her hotel in Mr. Healde's carriage.

A fortnight after this event Mr. Healde found himself one morning of immediate importance by the receipt, before he had left his dressing-room for breakfast, of two notes. One from his daughter:

"My dear Papa,—I breakfast in my own room this morning. But come to me as early as possible. Blanche."

The other from Madame Radoni:

"My Friend and Benefactor,—I have engaged 'passage' for to-morrow; but let me once more, *before we part forever*, receive your excellent kind advice. I shall be in the drawing-room at eleven.
"Dolores Radoni."

He went first, where he had been every day for a fortnight—such was his interest in his protégée—to the drawing-room of Madame Radoni's hotel, and an interview occurred of unexpected and vital importance; for, after the really paternal advice, and after the "eternal farewell," he could not restrain his expression of sorrow. "It gives me deep pain, my dear little woman," he said, "to have you, so young, so impulsive, and so attractive, go out again into the cold world. You should have a protector: do you not know that?"

Madame Radoni, weeping, clasped his hand distractedly and distractingly, and sobbed, "Dear Mr. Healde—yes."

"You should have a protector; some one to protect and cherish you, as I could protect, could cherish you, if you could be my wife. *Could* you be my wife, Dolores?"

Still weeping, and clasping his hand, she dropped her lovely head against his shoulder, and sobbed, "Dear Mr. Healde—yes."

Feeling like one who walks in a dream, like one who treads the unreal shore of wonder-land, Mr. Healde by twelve o'clock reached the room of his daughter.

She was ill, her maid assured him; and he found her indeed pale as marble, lying upon her couch, with the room darkened.

"Oh, papa," she exclaimed, as he drew near and took her hand fondly, "what have you done to me?"

"Radoni?" he asked, with a twinge as of conscience.

"Oh no," sighed Blanche, with a vehemence that drew her bewildered father miles deeper into wonder-land. "Mr. Latimer—good, noble Mr. Latimer. I admire him profoundly; I esteem him—so highly. Maggie Carter, the night before her wedding, told me all about him; how true and exalted and generous he is. Tom *loves* him. And oh, papa, you must have said something *dreadful* to keep him from calling here, to keep him from coming to see us as our friend. I know you did not, could not, mean to, but you have; for last night these flowers came, and a note from him, declaring—declaring his adoration—and bidding me an eternal farewell! And to-day I feel—I feel that I can not bear it. Dear papa, if you care for me, if you value my happiness, if you want me *not to die*, find him; send for him; call him back."

"Panther Hill Point, ladies and gentlemen! Five minutes for the famous view of Panther Hill Point!"

It was a summer afternoon. There had been clouds threatening a thunder-storm, but now above the emerald landscape sloping to the blue sea, the sun, going down behind the mountain gorge, sent through the clouds rays that made them shine like a shower of gold.

"How beautiful!" said a lady, leaning across the arm of a gentleman to gaze through the open space of the coach.

"How beautiful!" whispered the gentleman across whose arm she leaned—a young gentleman whose bright black eyes were radiant with happiness—"how beautiful, and how *dear*." He was looking, not at the scenery, but at the illumined face of his wife.

And Blanche, forgetting the view in its divinest moment, turned to look into her husband's eyes, and to return their melting glance.

"The very place," he whispered, "where I met and *loved* you first."

"The very place," she thought, as he drew her close to his heart, "where I found—and *lose*—My Icicle."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It is a merciful provision that prevents men from foreseeing the hardships which are in store for them. Ten years ago the residents of one of the most thriving of Western cities little dreamed that in 1881 they would be holding mass-meetings to devise means for extricating themselves from beneath the heel of "a grinding telephone monopoly." Yet such is their present condition.

A company of negroes in Columbia, South Carolina, headed by a former servant of Governor Chamberlain, have been for several months rehearsing the dramatized *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Little Eva and the other white characters in the play are represented by "light-colored people." In a dramatic entertainment given in this city not long ago by the young people of a colored church which comprises in its membership two or three men who are said to be millionaires, all of the characters were supposed to be white persons. The dressing-rooms were liberally supplied with chalk.

Two sisters in England, whose hair is so beautiful that it has been reproduced in a picture by an eminent painter, are said to have acquired their distinction in this respect by washing their tresses every morning in Champagne.

A pauper in a Pennsylvania almshouse has come to be known as "the Sleeping Hungarian." During more than seventy days he opened his eyes only once, and that raising of the lids was believed to have accompanied his recovery from a fainting fit. He seemed to be conscious of what was going on when attempts were made to rouse him. A slight rap on the nose caused him to smile. He was led around the room, apparently in the condition of a somnambulist. The other day he fell from a second-story window, and was not seriously hurt. Since his fall he has approached nearer to the condition of a person awake, which suggests the question whether he would not have been fully aroused if he had fallen, say, four stories. The attending physician has received, among many letters from all parts of the country, a communication from a spiritualist in Jacksonville, Florida, who writes that the Hungarian's spirit is travelling through space, and acquiring information which will be of incalculable benefit to mankind.

While the snow blockade in the West was at its worst, an Evanston politician, who was known to have started for Washington with the view of finding an opportunity to serve his country under the new administration, was seen stamping up and down the North-western dépôt in Chicago, grip-sack in hand. His immediate grievance was that no trains were running to Evanston.

"Why don't you walk?" an acquaintance suggested.

"Walk! Haven't I walked all the way from Washington?" he exclaimed. "And now, when I've struck a road over which I've got a free pass, I find that snowed under!"

Six prominent gentlemen have been appointed a commission to fix the northern boundary of Rhode Island. It is expected that when they proceed to their labors the southern portion of the State will tip up.

A Pittsburgh paper is authority for the information that a gentleman in Alleghany received an order for twenty small alligators, such as are caught in the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, "to be served at the coming dinner of the Ichthyophagous Club of New York as a new dish."

It may or may not be a matter of interest in England that a man in San Diego announces himself as the long-lost Sir Roger Tichborne.

The custom among Northern visitors to Florida of coming home with their pockets full of alligator teeth, with which to fortify their stories of exploits in the swamps, is said to have created a new branch of trade in that part of the South.

The Earl of Caithness, who recently died in this city, was an inventor in his earlier years. He and the countess once created a sensation by riding over the country roads in a carriage drawn by a road locomotive of the earl's invention.

Among the effects of the land agitation in Ireland is the occasional disappearance from the clubs in London of some bachelor who has been living in comfort and enjoying many luxuries. Of this class the London *World* says: "He is one of the descendants of Brian Boru, and though he has carefully disguised the fact, and has been apparently as completely without any regular source of revenue as are many other gentlemen, he has been dependent for everything upon his Irish rents." The same paper adds that such cases as this "will increase and multiply during the next few months. Bachelors and club men will furnish only a small proportion of the victims."

A new steam-ship company has been organized in England, which promises to make the passage from London to New York, by the way of Milford, within seven days. In the summer of 1879 the steam-ship *Arizona*, of the Guion Line, made the voyage from New York to Liverpool in seven days eight hours and eight minutes. This is the fastest time recorded between those ports. Ordinarily the steam-ships of the first-class lines occupy about eight and a half days in the passage. The new line will be owned by the Atlantic Express Steam Navigation Company, of which the Earl of Dunraven is said to be one of the leading directors.

Westland Pierce, of Richmond, Virginia, was in love with Daisy Shoemaker, the pretty daughter of a farmer who lived near the city. Miss Daisy's parents objected to the marriage, and an elopement was planned; but when the time came for her to hurry away from the house and meet her lover, her courage failed.

"Well, if you don't keep your word with West Pierce," said her sister, "I'll do it for you."

The lover was somewhat surprised when Miss Jane met him where he was to have found Miss Daisy; but the explanation was satisfactory, and the wedding took place.

Not satisfied with having joined in the attacks on American pork, a European writer warns epicures against American quail, which, he says, eat the berries of a poisonous bush, and grow fat thereon, but become a deadly poison to the partaker.

It is estimated in Florida that thirty thousand persons visited the resorts in that State last winter, and that they spent three million dollars while there.

The invasion of England by American periodical literature receives the following appreciative notice from the London *Bookseller:* "The attempt to naturalize another American magazine in England has been crowned with success. *Harper's Magazine* has already found a circle of readers sufficiently large to justify the experiment of its introduction. It is a wonderfully cheap shilling's worth, and except for the fact that the English edition is but a small fraction of the total, it could not be produced except at a loss. Its literary standard is as high as the best of our magazines, and the quantity of its matter and the number of its illustrations are much greater. *The Cornhill* for April contains 128 pages and two illustrations; *Harper's* contains 160 larger pages and seventy illustrations. We take *The Cornhill* as the model popular magazine, and by comparison with *Harper* or with *Scribner*, the balance is decidedly in favor of the Americans. There is something wrong in this. We have more writers, and better ones, than the Americans; we have more draughtsmen and engravers than they have; they beat us in printing, so we will say nothing about that, but we pay less wages to our printers than they do, and pay less for our paper; yet, in spite of all our apparent advantages, they can find a market in England for their magazines. We plead guilty to a degree of chauvinism in contemplating this fact. The dense hedge of prejudice may for a time serve as a bar to keep American magazines from seriously interfering with our own, but that defense will not last forever. From magazines to books the step is a natural one, and with their own base of operations secured by prohibitive duties and an international copyright treaty, and with the entire market of the English-speaking world open to them, what is to prevent the Harpers from competing with the Longmans for the control of the works of future Macaulays?"

THE COACHING SEASON.

The snow is no sooner gone, and the spring mud dried up, than the coaching season begins. It is not fear of cold weather, but a dread of bad roads, that prevents the coachman from cracking his whip all winter; for some of the amateur drivers in New York are enthusiastic enough to brave the most unpleasant weather, if the roads were only passable and safe. But one of the first requisites for coaching is a good road. There must be no snow, no ice, no mud, and the road must be smooth, hard, and as level as possible. Mountain roads and wheel tracks beside precipices may do for the reckless drivers of Western coaches, but they do not answer for the more careful coachman in New York; for the amateur is not in his best estate unless the choice seats of his coach are filled with ladies, and with such delicate freight he can not exercise too much care in the management of his horses.

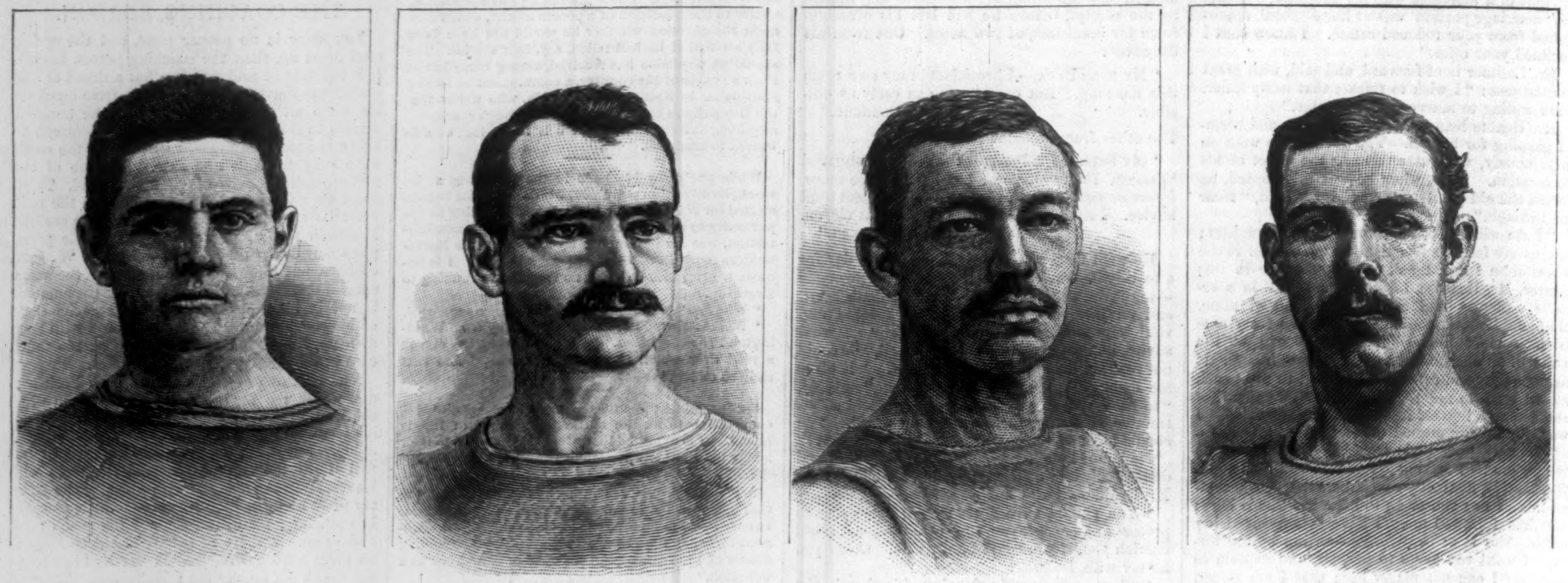
The coaching season began in New York several weeks ago, for it may be said to begin when the first impatient and eager driver orders out his team, and makes a short trip over the heavy roads. ~~But~~ it has not yet reached its height, nor will it till the sun has covered the trees with leaves, and the meadows with grass. The country must be in its glory, or there is little pleasure in coaching; for to the country the coach must always go. A drive of twenty or thirty miles is no great work for the four horses, and this takes the coach out among the farm-houses. Through the Park is one of the most delightful of drives, past the side of the Obelisk, past the new **Hamilton** statue, and past the ruins of Mount St. Vincent; but even the Park, after a dozen visits, becomes a little monotonous, and the coachman desires a change. This leads him to seek quiet but well-kept country roads, where he may enjoy the shade, and be free from the dust of other vehicles. A good stopping-place in the middle of the journey is one of the essentials to the enjoyment of a coaching trip. Horses, driver, and passengers are alike in need of rest and refreshment. It is this, in large measure, that makes Jerome Park such a favorite point with the coachmen. It is at an easy staging distance from New York, and when it is reached, chairs are brought out under the big trees surrounding the club-house, and from the grassy hill-side the ladies and gentlemen, while resting and cooling themselves with ices, enjoy the excitement of the races. The horses, meantime, are refreshing themselves in the stables, and the coaches are drawn up in line at the foot of the hill, making a brilliant foreground to a pretty picture.

Some of the coachmen avoid public places as much as possible, and consider themselves fortunate when they find a quiet old farm-house in some shady spot, where they can rest their horses, and perhaps enjoy a glass of cool cream fresh out of the spring-house. The coach, at such a place as this, is always surrounded by a host of wondering country children, to whom it must seem to have sprung from fairy-land—the coach itself shining like a mirror, and brilliant in color, the horses more stylish than those generally found in country stables, the shining harness sparkling with gold and silver plate, and the passengers themselves, the ladies dressed in costumes the little countrymen may possibly have read or dreamed of, but certainly have never seen, the guard with his bugle, and the gorgeous footmen so grand in brass buttons and white hats, the rustics can hardly fail to take them for the owners of the coach. The ladies' coaching costumes this year are quite as gay as last, and undeniably pretty. The most brilliant figured satins are used for dresses, and the huge bouquet, to be worn on the dress or carried in the hand, is still considered a requisite. Last year the showy parasols, in stripes and brilliant colored figures, were used only by coaching parties; but they have since come into general use.

The passion for coaching is on the increase in New York. It is a passion with a tight hold upon its followers. There is an excitement in dashing over a smooth road behind four fleet horses to be found in no other amusement. Some of the members of the Coaching Club would rather give up any other pleasure than relinquish their four-in-hands. To such an extent does the love for driving go with some people that they habitually ride on the front seat of open street cars, "because it seems a little like driving." More than twenty coaches will be seen flying through the Boulevards and the Park this season.

Three new ones have been built by New York manufacturers since last fall, all on the general plan of the English coach. This style of conveyance has come to be generally known about New York as the "Tally-Ho," because Colonel **Delancey Kane**'s drag was so named; and wherever a four-in-hand is seen in the streets, the urchins are heard crying, "Look at the Tally-Ho!" The Tally-Ho's regular trips of last year to New Rochelle, carrying passengers for a consideration, will not be repeated this year. Its place will be taken by the new coach Tantivy, owned by six members of the club, and driven between New York and Tarrytown.

The usual spring parade of the Coaching Club will be made in June, when it is expected not less than twelve coaches will be in line. Arrangements are also making for several trips, throughout the summer, to out-of-town residences of members. The Coaching Club of New York is now nearly as large as the Four-in-hand Club of London, after which it is modelled; and this year several of the gentlemen will drive four American horses in front of an American coach, with an American guard and American footmen. There is no reason why coaching should not become one of the popular amusements of New-Yorkers, for a good drag can be procured, and the horses necessary to draw it, and the whole establishment supported through a season, for a trifle over twenty thousand dollars.



J. N. D. SHINKEL, Stroke. J. F. LEWIS, No. 2. J. G. ALLEN, No. 3. A. H. COWLES, Bow.

THE CORNELL CREW FOR ENGLAND.—From Photographs by Evans.

THE CORNELL CREW FOR ENGLAND.

The Cornell four-oar crew are already in active practice for the annual Henley regatta on the Thames, England, next July, where they will meet the most famous crews of the Old World, including the Oxford and Cambridge University fours. The crew consists of J. N. D. **Shinkel**, captain and stroke; J. G. **Allen**, No. 3; **John F. Lewis**, No. 2; A. H. **Cowles**, bow; and J. E. **Reed**, substitute. It was this same crew that won the Lake George regatta last summer.

The crew is a model of physical strength and endurance, and is unquestionably one of the finest, in point of oarsmanship, on American waters. They leave for England about May 24. **William H. Curtiss**, of the *Spirit of the Times*, will accompany the party. The races in which they are to take part are two, and will be pulled July 4 and 5, on the Thames. The crews to be met are the fours from Cambridge and Oxford in the first race, and the famous London four and Thames four in the second race, the latter crews being the acknowledged champion college oarsmen of England.

THE PRINCETON NINE.

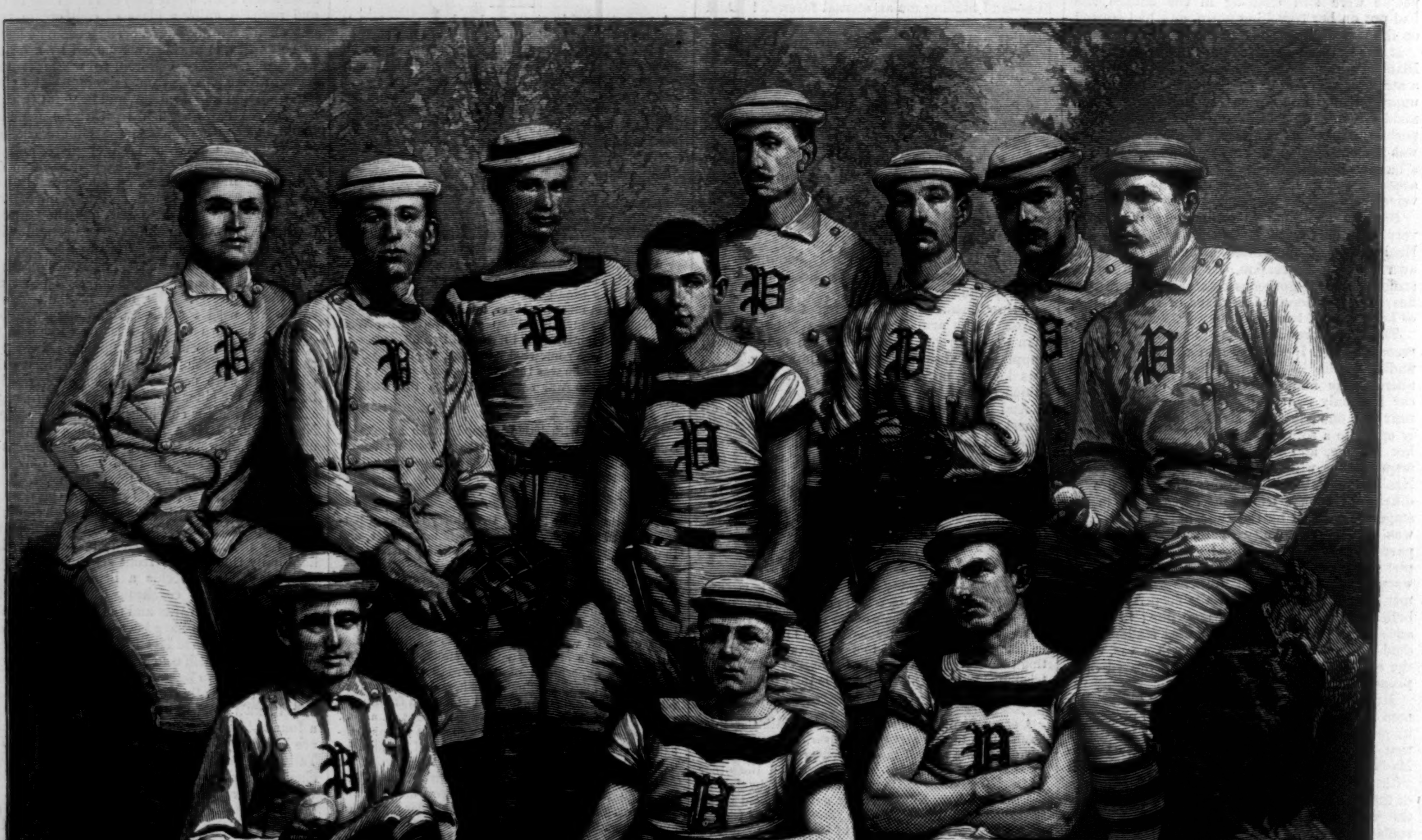
Base-ball at Princeton has never witnessed brighter days than now. The nine, after working hard all winter in the gymnasium, have been playing remarkably brilliant games. They have played some of the best nines in the country, and have been victorious; and they also have been defeated, but that has not caused the enthusiasm to die out at Princeton.

The most noted game they have played was the one in which Princeton defeated the "Mets" by a score of 9 to 7, and this has still more interest because, a few days before, the "Mets" beat the well-known Yale nine. The strong point of the nine is their beautiful batting and their playing together; their fielding, although less perfect than their batting, is by no means weak. **Schenck**, the catcher, has filled that position for two years. He is one of the finest catchers in this country, and although playing in the most difficult position in the field, has never caused a Princeton man to murmur. **Archer**, the pitcher, is a new man on the nine; but having pitched with his class nine for four years, is quite an old hand at pitcher. **Ward**, of the Providence nine, trained him during the winter, and it has certainly made a great difference in his pitching. **Winton** is 1st base, where he played last year with general satisfaction to all. In the latter part of the season and in an exciting game he plays without error. **Loney**, 2d base, is a new man in base-ball, but not in foot-ball, being captain of the champion foot-ball team of America. He is also a fine base-ball player, and has been doing excellent work for his college on second base. **James Harlan**, 3d base, is new this year, and has a very bright outlook before him. So far, he has been playing very well, and gives the college boys every encouragement. **Rafferty**, on S. S., is in his second year on the nine. He is an exceptionally fine player, and his great strong point is backing up the base, which he does to perfection. He is about the steadiest player on the nine. **Waddleigh**, L. F., is a new man, and is a good batter, and also change pitcher. **McCune**, C. F., is captain. He is a good player, and an excellent captain. He has played in this position before, and understands the field very well. **Duffield** is R. F., where he has played for three years. His playing is superb, and he is without doubt the finest general player on the nine.

UP THE MORNE BRABANT.

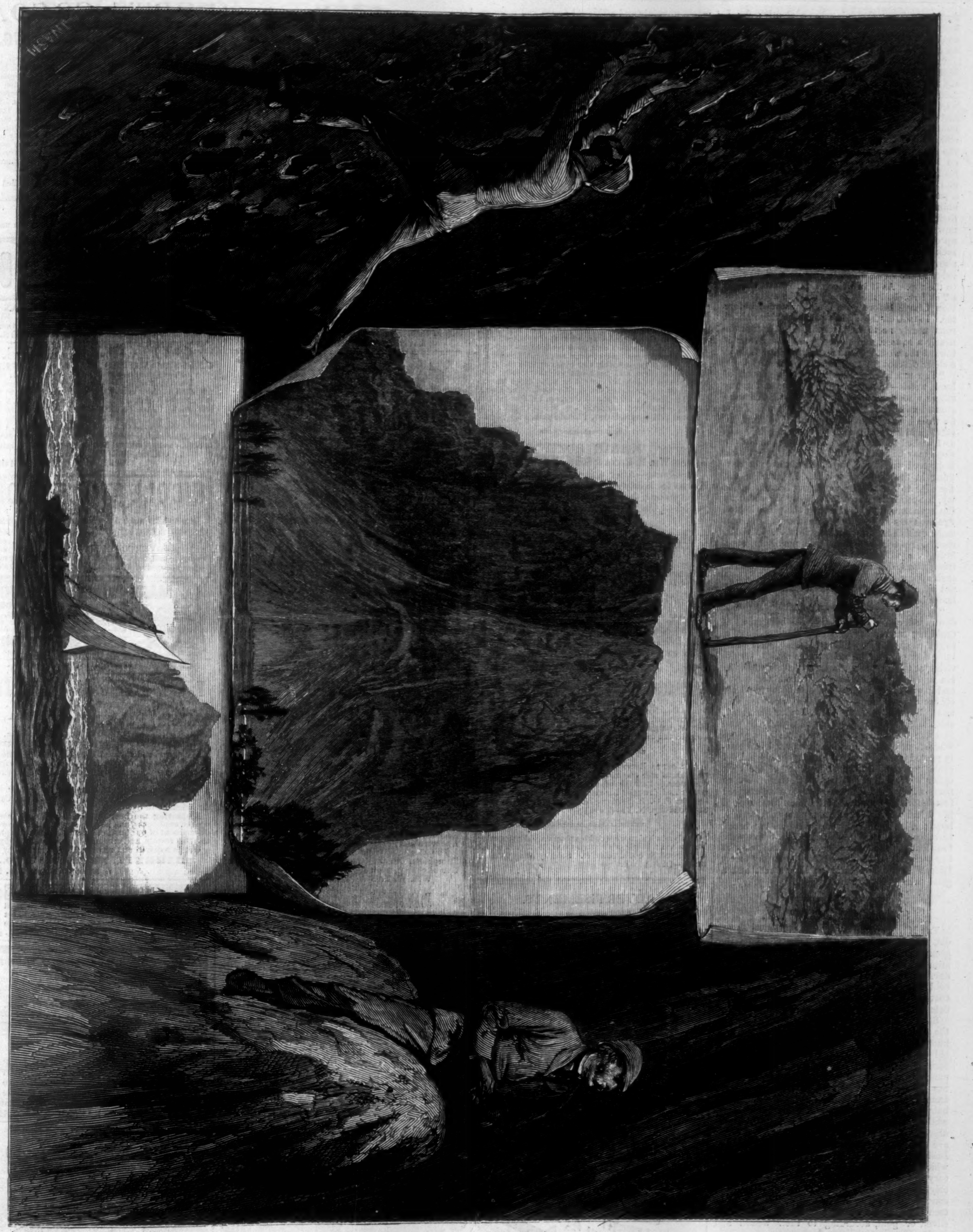
At the southwestern extremity of the island of Mauritius stands a desolate rock called the Morne Brabant, rising from a sandy peninsula to a height of nearly two thousand feet. It is said that in former days it often afforded a refuge to fugitive slaves, to which they never could be followed. The artist says:

"I determined to attempt the ascent of the mountain, and engaged as guide a negro, who declared he had once been up, fifteen years before,



Burton G. Winton. James R. Archer. John M. Harlan. Francis Loney. Alexander McCune. Charles E. Harris. Henry G. Duffield. William S. Schenck. Ogden Rafferty. Francis R. Waddleigh. James S. Harlan.

THE PRINCETON COLLEGE BASE-BALL NINE.—Photographed by Pach.



UP THE MORNE BRABANT, ISLAND OF MAURITIUS.

with a gentleman, for whom he placed ropes and a ladder. In the morning, however, his courage failed him, and he refused to come with me, preferring the less profitable but safer employment of fishing to risking his neck with 'un Anglais fou,' as I was told he called me. He assured me it was impossible for me to succeed, and said that many gentlemen had talked to him as I did, and had attempted to go 'la haut,' but had been unable to cross a certain 'crevasse.'

"In shape almost a cube, with sides of about five hundred yards, the ascent is only possible on the land side, where two spurs run up, meeting in a narrow ridge, broken by many a cliff, and cut off from the summit by a deep crevasse. I was told tales of a 'brassin,' or crater, filled with water, on top, surrounded by bananas and pine-apples. I chose the dry bed of the largest water-course I could find, and leaving behind me the negroes' *cases*, or grass huts, commenced the ascent. The slope immediately became very steep, covered with a dense growth of young trees and bushes, with here and there a large dead trunk laden with black shapeless lumps, the nests of the destructive white ants. No breeze could penetrate this undergrowth, and the heat even at 9 A.M. was almost unbearable. A climb of an hour up the ever-steepening torrent bed, with frequent halts to admire the lovely glimpses across the sea to l'Ile Fourneaux and the black river mountains, brought me to the top of the southern spur.

"Here I rested a while to admire the scenery and to take off my boots. Looking upward, the view was shut out by a seemingly impassable cliff some two hundred feet high, up to which led a steep rock-strewn grass slope. I had learned by experience the danger of rock-climbing with boots on. I made the rest of the ascent in stockinged feet. On reaching the top of this cliff I found a similar grass slope and cliff above. There were three of these giant steps, the ridge having narrowed so much that the top of the third ended in a sort of pinnacle, which proved the most formidable obstacle yet encountered.

"In the sketch these steps and the pinnacle can be seen as the ascent was made up the profile to the left of the picture. When I got to the top of the pinnacle, I was startled to find myself on the brink of a crevasse some twenty feet wide, separated from the rest of the mountain. Opposite rose far above my head a sheer smooth wall, the bottom of which I could not see, and further ascent looked hopeless. The top of the pinnacle was about six feet by one and a half. I sat astride it and rested while eating a frugal meal of bread and bananas, coo-ceing occasionally to some negroes who watched me from below. The shortest fall from my perch was a least forty feet, while I could have flung a ston straight downward without touching anything fo a thousand feet.

"A close inspection of the face of the rock revealed the fact that it was lava, and I immediately looked about for bubble holes. A short distance to one side I found plenty; the whole rock was honey-combed with them, and there was plenty of foot and hand hold. To reach this place, however, I had to stretch across an abyss I hardly dared look at, one foot in a bubble hole and the other against the rock on the opposite side of the crevasse. For the first fifteen feet I was almost like a fly on the ceiling; but up I climbed, cautiously testing every piece of rock to see if it was sound before trusting my weight to it. Every now and then I had to stop in the most perilous positions to rest, or to regain *sang froid* when I found my heart thumping too violently; for I knew by experience that if this goes on for long, one's arms and legs tremble involuntarily to such an extent that they can not be relied upon.

"About ninety or one hundred feet from the bottom of the crevasse the rock sloped off gently, and climbing again became easy. It was fortunate that the rock in this dangerous spot was perfectly sound; for had it not been so—and it is very rotten elsewhere—or had those bubbles not existed, it would have been impossible to find a way up. Another dozen yards up the narrow ridge, and further progress is blocked by a smooth steep rock, which, however, I managed to avoid by crawling round it on hands and knees, beneath its overhanging mass, along a path made by wild goats. I saw none of these animals, so well do they hide themselves, though their traces were fresh and plentiful. The ridge now widened toward the summit, which loomed up dark and forbidding among the clouds. The rock rose smooth and steep for a hundred feet above, but I found a goat path along a narrow ledge to the right, which led me up a slight gully to the top. As if in welcome, the clouds cleared off as I reached the summit, and the magnificent view I have before described lay spread before me. I stood on the highest part of a ridge which runs nearly north and south. The summit is nearly a square, and slopes gently away from it toward the west. On the east the ridge falls in a sheer descent for twelve hundred feet.

"The top is covered with a dense growth of hard woods—ebony, sagai, d'orseau, and many others whose names I do not know. All were stunted and bent to the west by the wind. I saw no trees higher than fifteen feet. No 'brassin' exists, and I saw no bananas or pine-apples, much as I wished to find them. The lower part of the slope may be marshy during the rains, but as it is covered with wood, there can not ever be anything in the shape of a lake. I walked round the edge to the side on which my friend's house lay, coo-ceing frequently, and being answered by the squatters and boatmen on the plain below. Progress was slow, owing to the thorns and small stones, which hurt my unprotected feet. My loud shouts, re-echoing from the mountain, soon brought my friends out of the house. At that tremendous depth they were scarcely visible; each appeared like a tiny black dot, which would not have been recognizable as a man had not the house been near.

"With great misgivings I commenced the downward climb, being tired and hungry, as I could not eat my dry bread for thirst. Many a rotten piece of rock was loosened, and went tumbling down to join my unfortunate stick. On arriving at the crevasse, it appeared from this side ten times more dangerous than from the other, and it was only after several attempts that I hit off the exact place at which I had ascended, and as the brittles were very local, I twice found myself dangling over the precipice, trying vainly to find the bubble holes with my toes at a place where none existed. At last, however, I had safely passed it and the three giant steps beyond. I could not recollect the appearance of the rock under which I had left my boots, there were so many alike, and I descended some five hundred feet before I discovered that I must have passed it. I had wearily to retrace my steps, refreshed, however, by some rain-water held in the broad leaves of some of the aldes. The boots were found at last, and I reached the beach below at five o'clock. I made the best of my way to my friends' house, and after an hour's rest and a good swim, felt quite fresh again."

SAVAGES IN INDIA.

THE Máris, one of the savage hill tribes of India, are a peculiar people. They sleep on the ground, a girdle of cowries round the waist constituting their entire wardrobe both by night and day. They are exceedingly averse to the use of cold water, ablutions are unknown, and a thick coating of mud or dust adheres to or becomes detached from their bodies as chance decides.

Still, they are slaves of fashion. The heads of the males are shaved, all except one long topknot, and this shaving is accomplished by the aid of a rusty knife, that looks as if it once formed part of an iron hoop. The operation must be a painful and laborious one. Nor are the female members of the community exempt from the pains and penalties of fashion. Their hair is most elaborately twisted and plastered, whilst their bodies are covered with tattooing—absolutely and literally covered—and the designs are elaborate, and must be painful in execution. Besides the girdle of cowries, a hoop of iron, on which are strung brass and iron rings, is necessary to furnish forth a Mári belle. But the elderly ladies dispense with this as useless and inconvenient. All wear ear-rings, as many as fifteen rings in each ear, of wax, iron, brass, copper, silver, or gold, according to their wealth and station.

When they dance they do not go through the gesticulations of ordinary dancing, civilized or barbaric, but form a ring by joining hands all round, and with a long hop, spring toward the centre, and then hop back again to the full extent of their arms, whilst at the same time they keep circling round and round. The effect is striking. A little perfume of an agreeable kind, to keep ill-favored odors in abeyance, renders it pleasant as an object of study. Sometimes two women dance together, holding hands, advancing and retreating, jumping, squatting, kneeling, and seesawing in rhythmical succession. Sometimes a man will jump into the circle when several are dancing, chant a verse or two of poetry like a war-cry; the others take up the chorus, and dance frantically *da capo*.

Sometimes their impromptu songs round the fire in the evening are exceedingly uncomplimentary to each other. The woman deplores the man's ungainly and awkward figure and manner, his want of skill in war or the chase, his blundering speech, and want of success. The man retaliates, reproaching the woman for her untidy habits, her ugly features, her tasteless tattooing, and her spare waist, which is with them a blemish.

But whether engaged in dancing, or in singing round the fire in the cold or rainy season, a species of arrack, called *lunday*, distilled from *mhowah* flowers, is freely imbibed by both sexes, and even by the children. It is a potent spirit, exceedingly distasteful to the European palate; but the Máris like it, as they like their filth and bad smells, their girdles of cowries, their iron hoops, their tattooing, and multitudinous ear-rings.

When the amenities of Mári high life are concluded—their dances and songs, their rough, ear-splitting music, and their horse-play—they invariably return to *lunday*. The revel is concluded when none can any longer dance, or sing, or play, or, as sometimes happens, when all the *lunday* has been imbibed, and nothing remains but to sleep.

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NOTICE.

The publishers will furnish HARPER'S MAGAZINE, beginning with the June Number (which is the commencement of Volume 63), and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, beginning with Number 80, published May 10, 1881 (containing the first instalments of the new serials), the two periodicals together for one year, on receipt of FIVE DOLLARS.

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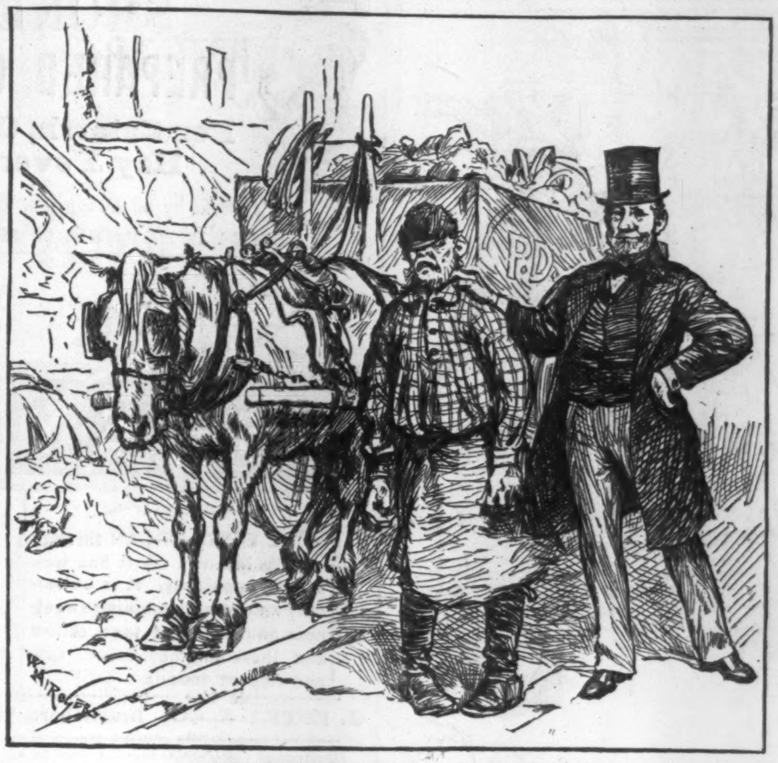

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